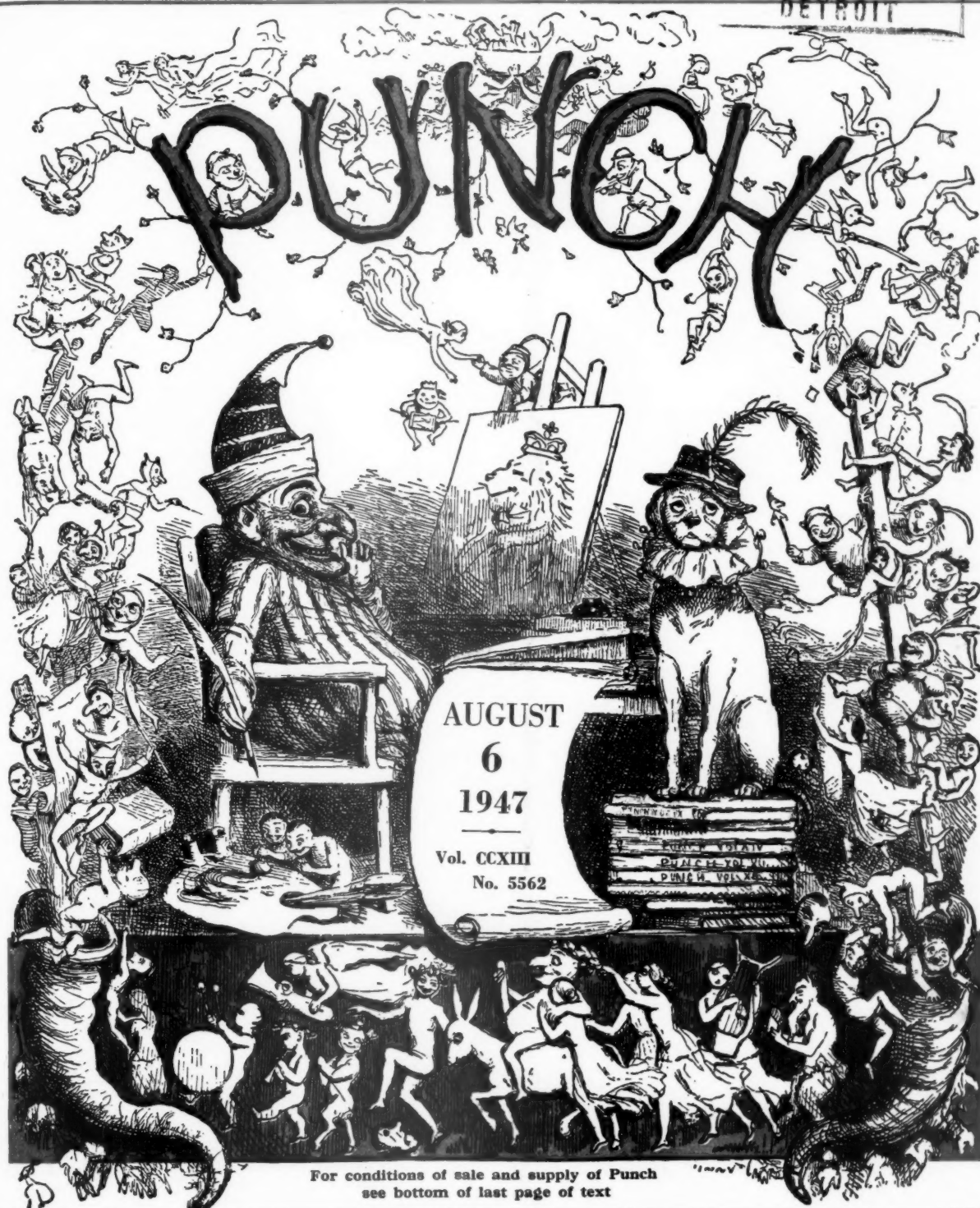


Huntley & Palmers *the first name you think of in* **Biscuits**

DETROIT



AUGUST
6
1947

Vol. CCXIII
No. 5562

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

TO BE SURE OF PLEASURE—
say **Player's Please**





ROVER *One of Britain's Fine Cars*

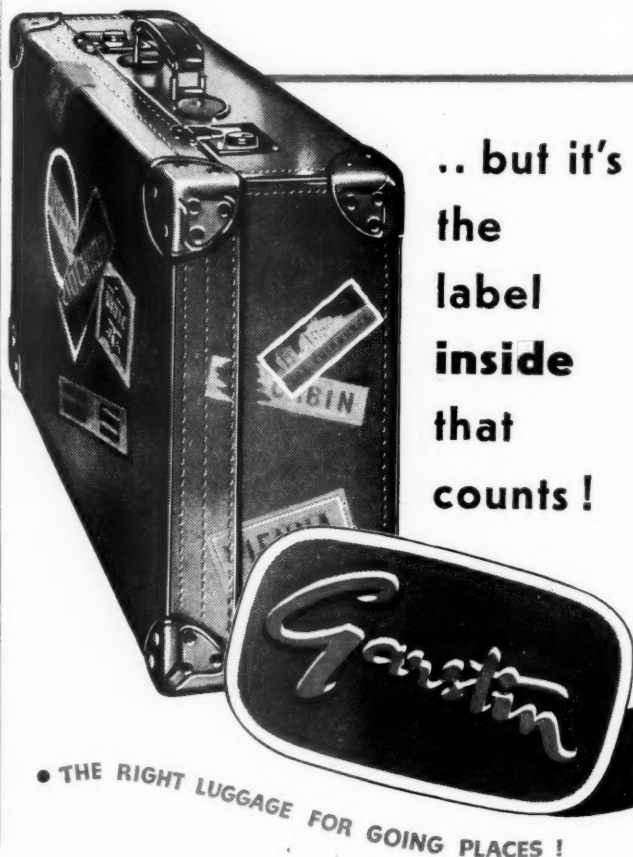
The Rover Co. Ltd., Solihull, Birmingham; and Devonshire House, London
CVS-64



THERE ARE SIX
FOUR SQUARE
TOBACCOS
-EACH A BALANCED BLEND
OF VINTAGE LEAF

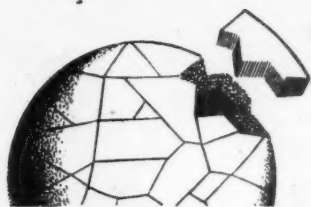
The tobacco illustrated is Four Square Ripe Brown—a balanced blend of empire-grown Virginia tobaccos, specially processed to a rich, dark colour and ready rubbed for the pipe. Ask for 'Four Square Brown.' 3/11d. oz.





.. but it's the label inside that counts !

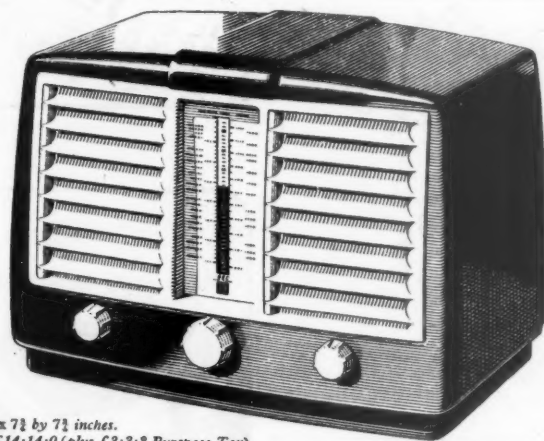
THE RIGHT LUGGAGE FOR GOING PLACES !



REBUILDING **YOUR** WORLD?

Nowadays, we are all engaged, in one way or another, on reconstruction. If in rebuilding your world you need financial help or advice call and discuss your problems with the manager of a branch of Lloyds Bank. He will be pleased to explain the way the Bank can help in this essential task.

LET **LLOYDS BANK**
LOOK AFTER **YOUR** INTERESTS



Size: 12 x 7½ by 7½ inches.
AC/DC £14:14:0 (plus £3:3:3 Purchase Tax).

HERE'S THE

G.E.C. COMPACT MODEL

THE BEST "second set" yet! A trim little 5-valve, all-wave radio, cleanly encased in coloured plastics with simple tuning and fine performance. For use on A.C. or D.C. mains, giving real G.E.C. reception plus quality of reproduction out of all proportion to its size. See it and hear it. Ask your dealer.

The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

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**watches
and clocks**

A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION
FOR QUALITY AND ACCURACY

SELECTIONS VARY FROM
DAY TO DAY, BUT ENQUIRIES—EITHER PERSONAL
OR BY POST—ARE ALWAYS APPRECIATED AND EVERY
EFFORT IS MADE TO SATISFY THEM.

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THE BEST FROM THE WEST

SYMONS'
DEVON
CYDER.

The WISE Habit!

APPLE MILLS · TOTNES · DEVON
AND AT LONDON

**LEMON
HART
RUM**

*The
Golden Spirit*

*With Lemon, Orange or Lime
A Winner every time!*

**There is no
peace**

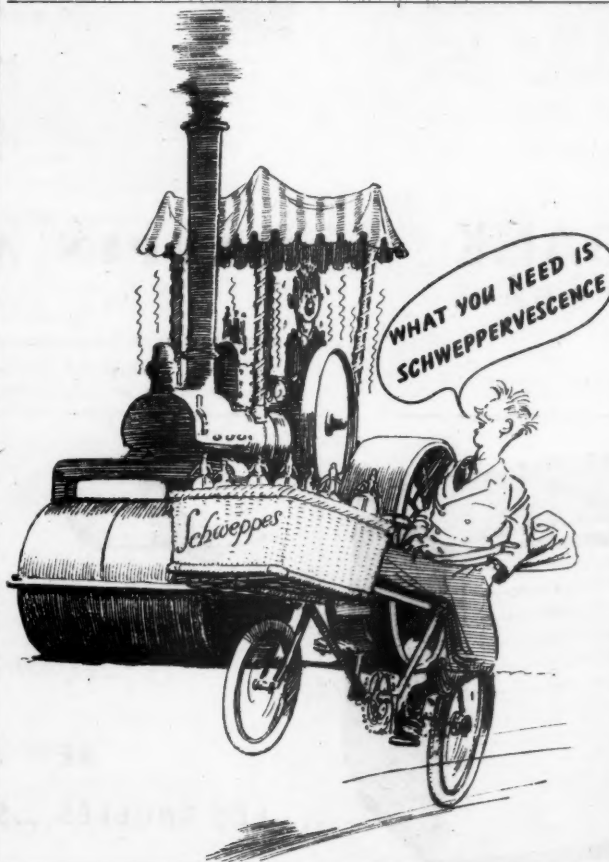


... for these splendid men.
Round our coasts the perils of war
are over, but the work of the Life-
boat Service and its perils remain.
Your help is needed.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
42 GROSVENOR GARDENS,
LONDON, S.W.1.

The Duke of Montrose, C.B., C.V.O.,
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Jacqmar
introduce
"Suivez-Moi,"
the scarf designed
for dog-lovers
16. Grosvenor Street, London. W.1.



no moths with
MOTHAKS

Hang them on hangers... pop them in drawers... 8d. per bag of 8

MADE BY THOMPSON & CAPPER WHOLESALE LTD · LIVERPOOL 14

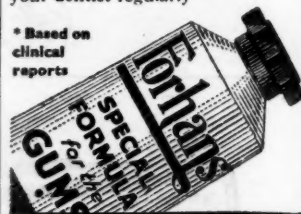


***4 out of 5 may get
Gum Trouble**

but not me!

Guard against—Tender, Sore, Spongy
and Bleeding Gums. Dentists, for
many years, have used Forhans
astringent and reported completely
satisfactory results. They also recom-
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because it contains the special in-
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* Based on
clinical
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ON SALE ALL OVER THE WORLD

**Healthy dogs
make good companions**



BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit



She waited a moment under the fairy lights; the garden seemed enchanted; she waited by the dark tree, secure in beauty, until she heard the expected footsteps.

Lovely women use Pomeroy

LONDON SALON: 174 NEW BOND ST., W.1

SKIN FOOD * CLEANSING CREAM * BEAUTY MILK * DATHOS
(for extra dry skins) * DAY CREAM * LIPSTICK * FACE POWDER
SAPADA HAND LOTION * MAKE-UP BASE Prices from 18/6 to 4/-



question of balance

Every time you take a step you perform a balancing feat. Do you realise it? If your feet are strong and normal, they take the weight of your body evenly. But if you suffer from any foot defect you tend to walk unevenly to avoid pain. This upsets your balance and you strain the feet and weaken your arches.

Let Scholl make a thorough examination and give you expert advice about your feet. There is no form of foot trouble, however obscure which they cannot track down; and ready to hand is the scientific Scholl appliance or aid to correct it. Scholl experts are skilful and experienced and can do so much for you. We have branches everywhere.



Scholl foot comfort service

254 REGENT STREET, LONDON W1

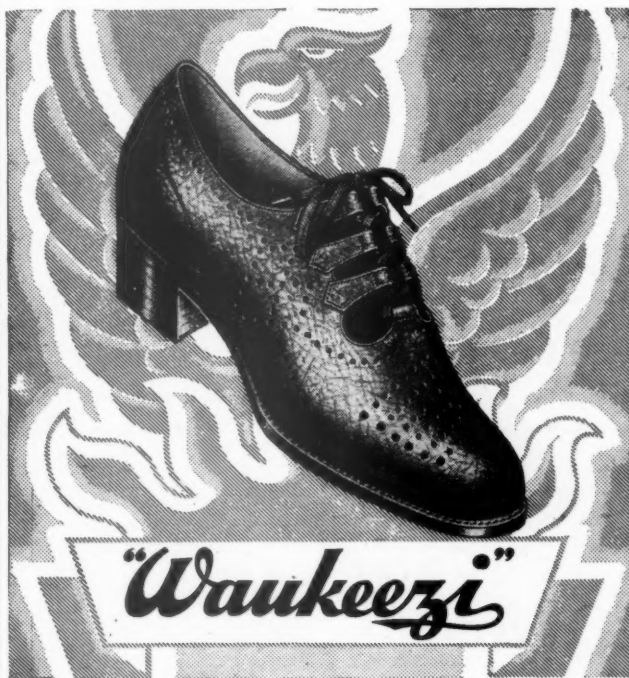
Scholl foot aids and appliances are obtainable at Scholl Depots, chemists, shoe dealers and stores



GOR-RAY
Registered

skirts one better!

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street W.1



"Waukeezi"

"GOODWOOD"—an attractive Ghillie style ladies' shoe, superbly comfortable but adequately strong. Available in a variety of sports-type upper leathers. Design is punched through.

If this model is out of stock there will be other WAUKEEZI styles at your Agent.

The WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD. NORTHAMPTON



This is the toothbrush that so many dentists themselves use—because of its correctly-shaped head (long or short), its clean-cut tufts, and its fine finish. In short, because SPA has every quality that a toothbrush should have.

John Freeman & Co., Ltd.

"Spa" Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks.

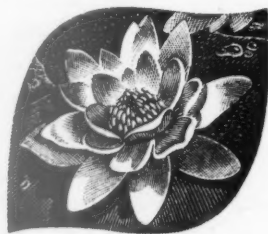


Your parents and your grandparents shopped at Liberty's.

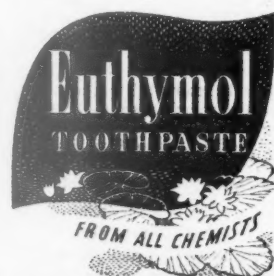
That is interesting no doubt, but it is not the reason why you are going there to-day.

Yet your reason in going is essentially the same as theirs; you know that at Liberty's you will find the beautiful and useful things good taste demands—at moderate prices.

LIBERTY'S
of
REGENT STREET



For
Morning
Freshness



Halex

Pneumatic Hairbrush



The crisp swish of the brush through those long, gleaming locks—and as you admire the sheer skeins of loveliness you wonder that a brush can penetrate such glossy abundance.

The new Halex hairbrush is something quite fresh and exciting. It has firm nylon tufts anchored in plastic ferrules fixed to a pneumatic pad—perfect for stimulating the scalp. The pad is detachable—you can wash it in a jiffy.

Glamorous!

says MRS. RONALD COLMAN lovely wife of one of the screen's great actors:—

"We Hollywood wives have to watch our lip-appeal. That is why I'm so excited about the new Tangee 'Petal-Finish' Lipstick colours."

You, too, can be more glamorous if you wear Tangee's newest "Petal-Finish" Lipsticks. They keep your lips alluringly soft and appealing. In exciting new colours—
★ Gay - Red
★ Medium - Red
★ Theatrical - Red
★ Tangee Natural



...and NOW

the perfect Cake Make-up

Tangee creates a thrilling new success in Petal-finish Cake Make-up. Four flattering shades—Rachel, Dark Rachel, Pêche and Tan.

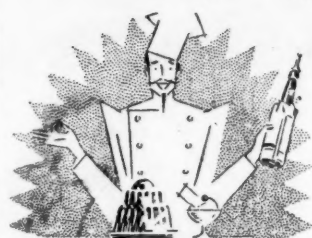
Tangee

USE TANGEE AND SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN BE

**Norseman
Harris Tweed
Overcoats**

for
discriminating people

Made by
A. B. HARGREAVES & Co., Ltd., Chorley, Lancs.
Φ HT

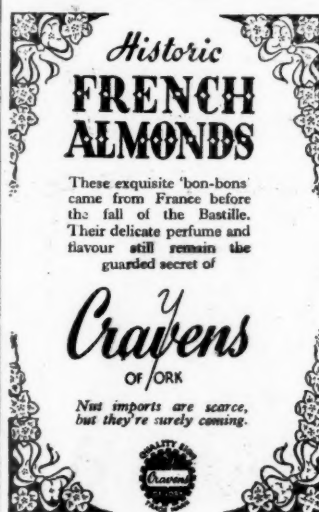


ANGOSTURA
AROMATIC BITTERS
makes
Austerity

**JELLIES, ICES AND
PUDDINGS MUCH
MORE EXCITING**

If your usual Wine Merchant is unable to supply you, you are invited to send his name and address to Angostura Bitters (London) Ltd., 61 Cheapside, London, E.C.2. Tel.: CITY 4953

PRESENT RETAIL PRICES:
Half-bottle 17/6; miniature 5/-



These exquisite 'bon-bons' came from France before the fall of the Bastille. Their delicate perfume and flavour still remain the guarded secret of

Cravens
OF ORK

Not imports are scarce, but they're surely coming.





You can now ask boldly for a Tek at any chemist's shop—and get it. Now's the time to throw away your tired toothbrush and to start afresh with a nice new Tek.

Tek

TOOTHBRUSHES

MEDIUM
HARD • EXTRA HARD
In Bristle or in Nylon
Made and guaranteed by
Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRITAIN LTD. NEW YORK & SAN FRANCISCO



Let's have a change with F.I.S.H

One of the many good things to be said for fish is that it cooks so quickly. Worth remembering in the warm weather when you don't want to spend much time in a hot kitchen!

When **BOILING** or **STEAMING** fish allow

For a thin piece, 7 minutes per pound and 7 minutes extra.

For a thick piece, 10 minutes per pound and 10 minutes extra.

When **BAKING** fish allow

For a piece up to 4 pounds, 10 minutes per pound and 5 minutes for each additional pound, although the time required depends very largely on the thickness of the fish.

Why not keep a look out for new fish recipes? Then you can serve fish two or three times a week and each time it will be a pleasant surprise. Here are two to start with. All, of course, are kitchen-tested.

CURRIED FISH PIE

1 lb. fillet of fish, 1½ level tablespoons curry powder, 3 level tablespoons flour, 3 oz. dates, chopped, 3 oz. onion, chopped, 3 level teaspoons salt, ¼ level teaspoon pepper, just under ½ pint milk and water, 6 oz. short-crust pastry.

Skin fish and cut into cubes. Dip cubes in curry powder and flour mixed together. Place fish, dates, onion and seasoning in alternate layers in greased pie-dish (1½ pint size). Sprinkle any remaining curry powder and flour over fish and pour over the milk and water. Cover with the pastry in usual way, make a 1" slit in pastry cover. Bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes.

Curried Fish Pie



FISH AND GREEN SALAD

8 oz. cooked fish, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, fresh or dried, 2 level tablespoons chopped parsley, pinch of paprika pepper, pinch of black pepper, 1-1½ level teaspoons salt, 1 level tablespoon chopped onion, 2 level tablespoons salad dressing, 1 lettuce, 1 bunch of watercress, pint cooked peas, a few cooked runner beans when available, parsley.

Mix fish, egg, parsley, seasonings and onion well together. Add salad dressing. Divide mixture into four mounds and arrange on a dish on a bed of lettuce. Decorate with watercress, peas, beans if used, and parsley.

FISH FACTS

Lb. for lb. fish contains the same quality and almost the same quantity of body-building nourishment as beef. This is the nourishment that makes muscle and

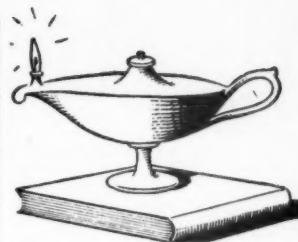
other tissues. Fish also gives you a valuable amount of calcium, the mineral so important in the building of bones and teeth.

Where there's **FISH** there's a good meal



ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

(S. 175)



"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

However many new truths medical science may discover, one remains unassailable; nerves need adequate supplies of organic phosphorus and protein. 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic contains organic phosphorus and protein in their most easily assimilable form. If you are feeling tired or run-down, ask your chemist for a tin of 'Sanatogen'.

'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

In one size only at present—
7/6d. (including Purchase Tax)
A 'GENATOSAN' Product.



Seven o'clock—and all's well with this young traveller and his mother. What a story she could tell, woven from romance, as they sail over the seas on the wings of a great Short flying boat! It is a fine ship, as large as Columbus's "Santa Maria," which skims off the water like a bird, to land as gently on the other side of the ocean.

Dinner is served—upstairs in the dining saloon. The hull of a Short boat permits arrangements on two decks, with amenities not to be found in land planes of comparable size. The passengers enjoy that grateful sense of well-being that comes from flying "over the sea in ships."

This year, next year—some time it will be your turn to travel. Enquire from your travel agent, then, the routes served by Short flying boats. At present they include U.K. to Africa, India, China, Australia, and New Zealand, as well as services in South America.

It's fun to fly by flying boat!

Shorts The first manufacturers of aircraft in the world

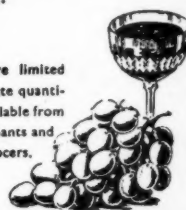
Short Bros. (Rochester & Bedford) Ltd., Rochester • Short & Harland Ltd., Belfast



THE WHITE-WAY TO BEAT THE BLACK MARKET

Our British Wines are still sold at the very economical price of 6/- per bottle and represent the best value in wine obtainable today. They are of full alcoholic strength and the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality for over 50 years.

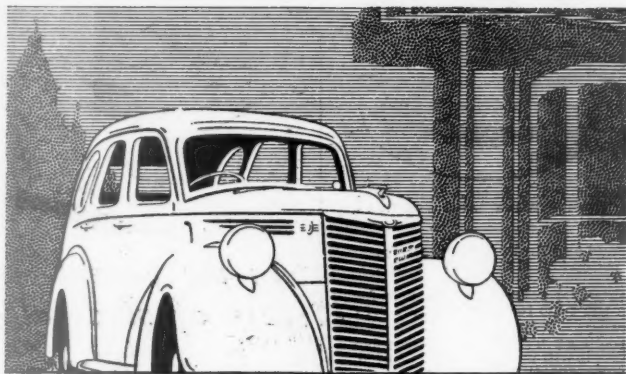
Supplies are limited but moderate quantities are available from wine merchants and licensed grocers.



6/-

PER BOTTLE

WHITEWAY'S BRITISH WINES



Ford-worthy Service

When you buy a Ford you buy more than a good car—you get all those remarkable benefits of Ford precision engineering and of Ford Service Facilities. Ford service is everywhere. At Ford Dealers all over Britain, you'll find expert Dagenham-trained Ford mechanics. And coupled with their specialised knowledge is the Ford system of fixed low prices for all spares and repairs. Ford service is worthy of the car—and the Ford is a car worth waiting for.

PREFECT 10 h.p.

ANGLIA 8 h.p.



Ford

CONSTANT IN PERFORMANCE

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM

THE COOPER



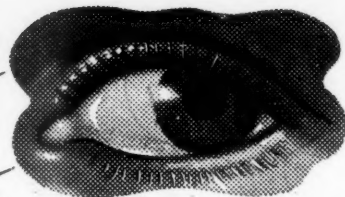
"Any work for the Cooper?"—was frequently heard among the Cries of London in the 18th Century. Although these wandering craftsmen are no longer seen on the London Streets, at Whitbread's Brewery the Coopers still apply, to the making of casks, the same experience and skill born of tradition as did their predecessors two centuries ago.

Estd. 1762

WHITBREAD

Brewers of Ale and Stout

FIRST AID FOR EYE TROUBLES



EYE FATIGUE

In cases of eye fatigue caused by overwork—by glaring or insufficient light—by irritation, dust or fumes—OPTREX brings immediate relief at each application.

SMARTING AND INFLAMMATION

Normally, inflammation of the eyes will vanish after a day or two if the eyes are bathed thrice daily with OPTREX.

STYES

Styes, which are small swellings in the eyelid similar to a boil, are brought about by contact with dirty objects, germ-laden dust, etc. Bathing with OPTREX brings quick relief.

ENCRUSTED LASHES

For speedy relief of crusts on the lashes and inflammation of the rims of the eyelids, bathe the eyes three times a day with OPTREX.

COLDS AND INFLUENZA

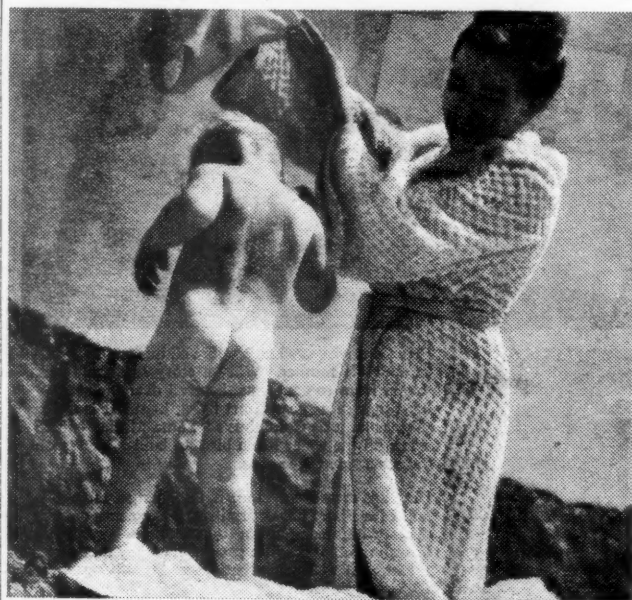
OPTREX not only calms the congestion and irritation caused to the eyes, but in many cases seems to bring relief from the unpleasant effects of the cold itself. Try it and see.

OPTREX

The famous Optrex 'exclusive design' eye baths are on sale once more. Price 9d. including purchase tax. Optrex eye compresses are also obtainable.



the EYE LOTION



Snap sonny at the seaside!

CHILDREN on holiday offer many opportunities for unconventional photographs, but you must be ready to snap at once. Remember, all the charm of an amusing attitude quickly vanishes, so be prepared for instant action.

For close-up pictures focus carefully, choose a low viewpoint, fast shutter speed and

wide lens aperture, and always use an Ilford Selo Film.

ILFORD

SELO FILMS



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXIII No. 5562

August 6 1947

Charivaria

THE editor of a morning paper recently stated in a speech that the cut in newsprint was not made to stifle press criticism of the Government. He is probably right, as it hasn't.

A correspondent says that by mistake he dialled his own number on his own telephone. It was very confusing. The bell rang, he said "Hello!" and an acid voice from the Exchange asked "Are you all there?"



Inflation Note

"Chief Draughtsman (Mechanical) required for rapidly expanding Rubber Factory."

Advt. in "The Engineer."

A characteristic of the Scot is the strength of his jaws. Due to biting coins in hard currency areas.

Hard on the heels of the Government's warning that the clock will strike twelve in the autumn comes a doubt as to whether the tick will last out till then.

"Thakin Nu, vice-president of the A.F.P.F.L., to-day assumed office as Deputy Chairman and External Affairs Minister in the Burmese Interim Government."—"Daily Telegraph."

You're welcome.

A new organization sets out to stop profanity in the theatre. The first thing it must do is to get patrons to take their seats before the curtain goes up.

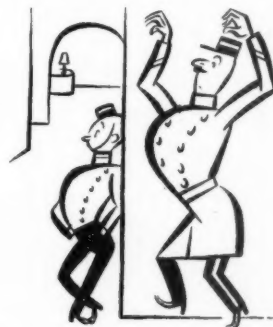


"Clear soup should be clear, the pattern of the plate being visible through it," says a culinary note. Many people will remember soup plates of this kind.

Members of a small American sect retired to a mountain-top to await the news of the end of the world by radio, but nothing happened. In similar circumstances the B.B.C. would have put on a record.

Recently charged in court a man defended himself in verse. All he got was a short sentence in prose.

Page-boys in a Paris hotel are never allowed to put their hands in their pockets. No such restriction is applied to guests.



Supplies of English veal are short. Not that it matters; prodigal sons show little sign of returning.

YOU Can Help Our Export Trade.

"CAPE TOWN, Sunday.—A shortage of skeletons is handicapping medical students. Fifty have been ordered from Britain at £40 each."—"Daily Express."

Both the riders on a tandem-bicycle were fined recently for having no light on their machine. Is it too much to hope that this idea may be extended so that the occupant of the back seat in a car may be disqualified from driving?



The Whale's Path

(In praise of Mr. Thomas Blower of Nottingham, who swam from Donaghadee in Ireland to Portpatrick in Scotland, entering the water at 9.53 p.m. on Sunday, July 27th, and arriving on the farther shore at 2 p.m. on Monday. The water was very cold, and he had to swim through a thunderstorm and shoals of herrings. The feat has never been accomplished before.)

THE light of the day to the Westward, I take it, was
dimming,
And thousands were sweating in trains coming
home from the sea,
But only one tripper that Sunday queued up for the
swimming

From Donaghadee,

And he left the green island behind him and swam with
precision
Through the dark of the night till the sun had the place
of the moon
And the coastline of Scotland per schedule appeared to his
vision

On Monday at noon.

He was far from political fretting and fuming and quibbling,
A strong man alone with his strength, to whom hazards
were sweet;

The thunders were crashing around him and herrings
were nibbling
(They say) at his feet.

Long, long were the hours of his work, and the waves
unforgiving
Were bitterly cold and I dare say exceedingly
wet;

Did he think of the Loan as he swam, or the Standard of
Living?

Was it done for a bet?

Who knows? But if Industry's wheels should run slower
and slower
Till they hardly appear to revolve, let us never
deny

There is courage and confidence still in an Englishman—
Meet Mr. Blower,
His trumpeter I. EVOE.

o o

Beans and the Man

THE scarlet runner twines anti-clockwise, or against
the sun, unlike the hop, which has a right-handed
turn. Some say this is because the bean originated
south and the hop north of the Equator. They argue that
the sun's movements dictated the direction of the spirals
in the first instance and the plants, when transferred to
the other hemisphere, cannot rid themselves of the old
habits. Others say that this is rubbish, I think rightly.
More repaying than such idle speculations is it to attempt
to grow a scarlet runner up a hop, or vice versa, and to
watch them sparring for an opening like all-in wrestlers.

Skipping through the pages of Vergil's Georgics to find
some quotable thing about beans is disappointing work.
The poet spends too much time on bees. One cannot rid
oneself of the feeling, as one reads, that a little less *apis*
(or *apibus*, to be accurate, for Vergil prefers the insect, for
not very admirable reasons, in the dative or ablative plural)
and a little more *faba* would be a big improvement all round.

"They burst out of the gates; it is run together in the high air;
there is a sound; they conglomerate into a great orb, mixed,
and fall headlong."

This is accurate enough observation, but isn't it a little
elementary? We do not need Vergil to tell us that when
bees run together in the high air there is a sound. And if
it isn't bees it's vines. I am not interested in viticulture.
If there was a clue in the Second Georgic as to whether the
vine twists to the right or to the left it might be different;
I could make use of that. But what do we get? "*Sed
neque Medorum silvæ, ditissima terra . . .*" Charming
enough in its way, but beanless.

At the Roman festival of the Lemuralia the father of
the family threw black beans over his head, repeating
certain traditional words. Not many people know this,
but it is true. If I could enlarge upon the custom I would
do so; for something seems to me to be unexplained here.
But the work of reference I am consulting is content to
leave the matter there, merely adding, rather irrelevantly,

that Pythagoras forbade his followers to eat beans. One
may guess that Pythagoras, who spent so much of his time
listening for the sound of the "harmony of the spheres"
as he called it, found that the eating of beans was in some
way antipathetic to this pursuit; but speculations of this
kind take us no nearer the significance of the rites observed
at the Lemuralia. One word may be added by way of a
footnote. Even to-day, it is said, if black beans are
thrown over the head of the father of the family, he will be
found to repeat certain traditional words—so tenacious is
the inherited memory of ancient custom and folklore.

This brings me back to the scarlet runner, still twisting
anti-clockwise in obedience (as some say) to the lesson it
learnt æons ago beneath the glittering constellation of the
Southern Cross.

My scarlet runners grow two inches a day on an average
and have now passed the top of the arrangement made to
support them. It is quite pitiful to see them waving about,
probing the empty ether with blind fingers. Sometimes
two tendrils join forces—it is run together, as Vergil would
say, in the high air—and the support they lend each other
enables them to gain another painful inch or two. But
gravitation, to which, for all I know, they were not subject
in the southern hemisphere, overcomes them and they bow
their heads perforce and follow the horizontal tracks
provided for them. If I am now merely describing a
familiar feature of every kitchen garden, I blame the
Mantuan. One cannot touch bees without being defiled.

*Fit sonitus; magnum mixtæ glomerantur in orbem,
Præcipitesque cadunt.*

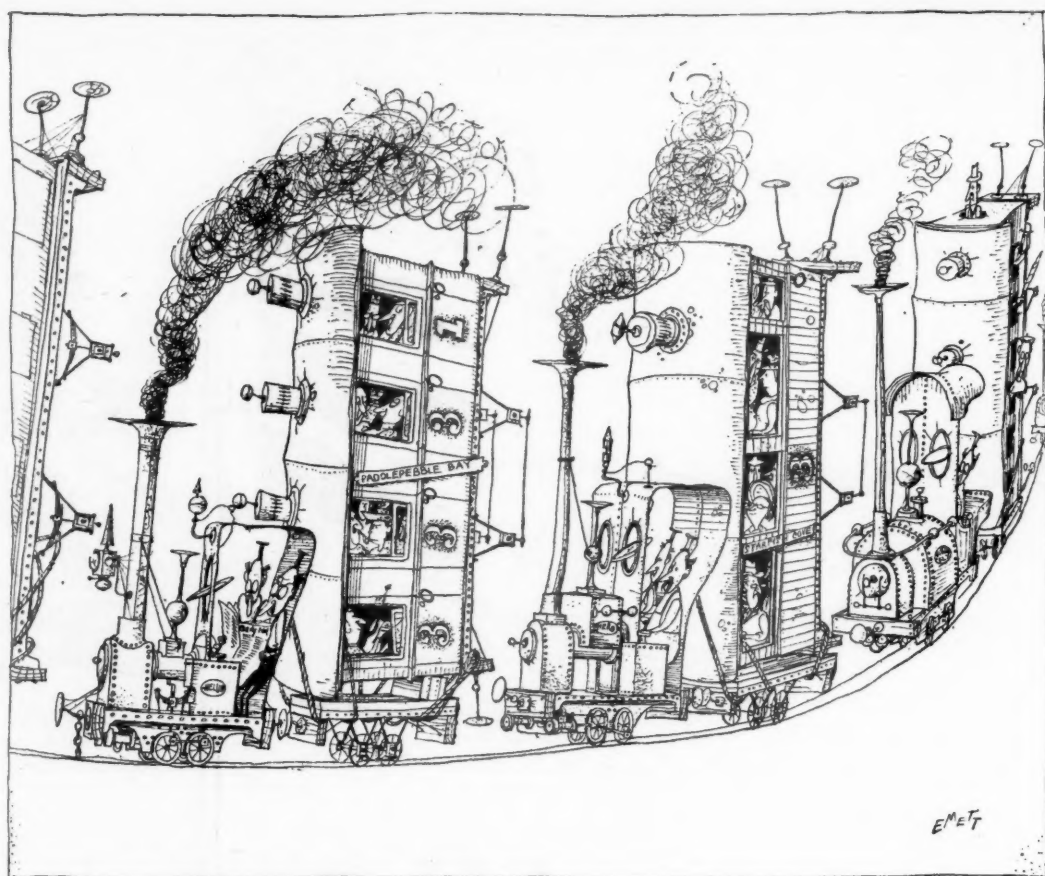
—every word of that might have been written about
my beans, except the *sonitus*. My beans go about their
work in silence.

Benham, I rather belatedly observe, quotes "*Abstineto a
fabis*" as the Pythagorean injunction (done into Latin, of
course, but as far as I know, the Greek is faithfully rendered)
and well translates it "Abstain from beans," adding a note



A RALLYING CALL

[The value to the State of eighteen months' embodied service in the Armed Forces is greatly increased by training before entry with the Sea Cadets, the Army Cadet Force or the Air Training Corps. Apart from the actual training a pleasant club life is provided and plenty of opportunities for social amusements and sport.]



"Just when we've found a way to crowd more 'oliday trains on the line—pfft! ten per cent cut . . .!"

"(i.e., from elections, decided at Athens by beans)." Where is the harmony of the spheres now? I do not feel I can possibly continue this discussion if my authorities are going to contradict each other in this way. There is all the difference in the world between not voting and not eating beans, as the reader may readily discover for himself; and it is stretching credulity too far to suppose that Pythagoras did in fact intend to lay a two-fold obligation on his followers, viz.—

- (a) Don't vote
- (b) Don't eat beans

and by a happy chance hit upon a single expression to convey the double veto. For myself I follow Benham, having wasted a good deal of time trying to invent a phrase in English capable of bearing both meanings. "Don't bean-poll" is near, but lacks clarity.

Line 74 of the First Georgic restores my faith in Vergil to some extent. "The pulse which is luxuriant with quivering pod"—so Conington translates, adding (not, I think, unnecessarily) "A description of the bean." The unwary reader might have imagined, but for Conington's timely aid, that he was up against Pythagoras again, on "Some pathological consequences of unwise feeding." It only remains to add that the Latin for pulse is *legumen*—not to be confused with *legimus*, "we elect." H. F. E.

Histrionics

WE the fly-by-nights, the theatre-goers, we whose tummies are now trained to a stern silence

between the hours of six and ten, look nevertheless with a reverent eagerness towards the law-givers who decree the times of opening.

We who go unwashed and with our lips still wet

from the hastily cupped tea, and eat the poor remains of other people's dinners afterwards, turn our strained faces to the bureaucrats who surely love us, yet do serve the suburbs better.

Eight was the ancient hour; we came replete (and so did Cricklewood) with food and wine, and still the buses run and still the tubes, and still the night is young as midnight chimes, and still we cannot laugh or cry or clap our hands, so set our thoughts on inward emptiness.

V. G.

Crab, Sir?

ONE of the great things about a holiday at Sidlington, the man in the train told me, was the ease with which you could pick up a brace of lobster or the odd crab. All you had to do was make your number with one or two of the chaps on Fisher-man's Beach and before you knew where you were they'd be stuffing sea-food into your pockets as hard as they could go.

I had no difficulty in finding Fisher-man's Beach—our bungalow was down-wind of it—but I *did* have some difficulty in finding the fishermen. When I came down the hill from the village the place was alive with the fellows, all busily engaged in the traditional activities of their kind. But as soon as I approached their cluster of weather-beaten huts there was not a fisherman to be seen. Only the end of a net being drawn furtively into a hut and a sea-boot disappearing slowly under an upturned dinghy told me that the place did indeed sustain some kind of human life.

I went up to the nearest hut and tried the door-handle. The hut leaned towards me confidentially, like a man in a bar. I quickly propped an old rudder under the door-handle and hurried on to the next.

This was a rather forbidding type of hut with a single window that regarded me balefully through a yashmak of old nets. It was generously buttressed with pieces of oar. I tried the door-handle. It felt as if it were made from the shrunken head of a holiday-maker. I gave it a tug. The hut stood fast, but the door came smartly away in one piece from the main structure.

I put the door down and went in. On the threshold I paused for a moment to slip my nose off the leash, as it were, and allow it to roam round the hut savouring the host of exciting new smells. A figure compounded of six parts wader and four parts whip-cord peered at me through the scented dusk.

"Ah, good evening," I said. "I wonder if you'd be good enough to spare me a crab?"

The whipcord one drew in his breath sharply.

"Gentleman wants a crab, Frank," he said.

The corner of the hut addressed as Frank resolved itself into a figure even more gnarled and knotted than the first.

"Crab, Jack?" The two men looked at each other sadly and shook their heads. "You struck a bad day for crabs, sir."

I felt glad I hadn't struck a good day. The floor of the hut was carpeted in living crab. A great basket of them was cruising slowly round under its own power. A big beast of a thing was sniffing at my trouser-leg. Smaller crabs leered at me insolently from a kind of play-pen.

Frank passed me an old chair. It was quite the most uncomfortable chair I have ever stood on.

"Whelks," said Jack, "is different. Have all the whelks you like." He handed me a specimen whelk which I slipped nervously into my wallet.

"I didn't want a very big crab," I said. "Something about that size." I indicated a basket of well-nourished specimens at Frank's elbow.

"Bognor, that lot," said Frank.

"And that lot?" I pointed to a seething box of smaller models.

"Chichester," said Jack.

"And those?" I prodded fearlessly with my walking-stick at a pair of sickly little things sulking in a corner.

"Lunnon," said Frank.

For some time we talked about the weather. Every now and then I would bend down and rap some over-venturesome crab across the knuckles with my stick. Outside the shadows lengthened.

"Reckon we might be able to find you a crab to-morrow," said Frank, shaking a couple out of his cap and putting it on.

"Reckon we might," said Jack.

"You be here five-thirty to-morrow morning," said Frank. "We'll fix you up with a crab." I followed them out of the hut, heeling a couple of monsters back into the darkness of the hut before replacing the door.

At five-thirty next morning I was at the hut. At six-thirty I was huddled in the bows of Frank's fishing-boat, gazing wanly from beneath the sodden brim of my homburg towards a receding Sidlington. However, we were at sea for not more than five hours and as a special treat I was allowed to take my crab from its pot with my own hands.

On my way back to the bungalow I called in at the chemist's. In order to grasp the healing potion he prepared for me I had to put my crab down on the floor. I never saw it again.

If it hadn't been for the whelks I found in my Wellingtons we should never have had fish for dinner at all.

From the Chinese

The Traveller

Life
Is a most extraordinary thing.
I always think
As I travel through the country;
Why
Are there so many other people,
And what are they for?
In the little towns
They crowd the streets and pave-
ments,
Busy with their baskets
And coupons
And hand-carts
And ridiculous children.
They are a nuisance,
They delay
The passage of the car.

How do they exist
In this small place
Where nothing important,
It seems, is done?
Do they attend
To each other's washing?
Do they receive lodgers?
No—surely:
For who would live
In this place
Unless he had to?
Intellectually,
How barren are their lives,
Far from the delights
And diversions
Of the capital.
What was the idea

Of Providence?
What accident
Of History—
What folly
Of Man—
Caused this small town
To occupy the soil
At all?
Yet
In my mind
There is a queer feeling
That all these people
Think themselves just as important
As me,
And would not live
In London
For anything.

A. P. H.

I ACTIVELY enjoyed very nearly all of *So Well Remembered* (Director: EDWARD DMYTRYK): I mean that for most of its length my enjoyment of it seemed a positive thing of which I was conscious and for which I was grateful. JAMES HILTON's novel, on which it was based, I haven't read; about that all I know is that someone who had read it stayed away, for that reason, from the film. Take that how you like. The fact remains that this Anglo-American piece (American director, two American stars among the British ones) has turned out remarkably well. It is the story of some twenty-five years in the life of George Boswell, from the time when he was a radical and idealistic young councillor in a Lancashire mill town to the end of the late war, when he was the respected mayor of the place. Like all films from novels, this is crowded with characters and incidents; like comparatively few, it really suggests the work of time rather than that of the make-up department, and contrives to show development and change (or revelation) of character apart from mere alteration in appearance. JOHN MILLS as the principal personage is admirable, and his accent exceptionally convincing. The ingredients of the story itself, the responsibility of Mr. HILTON (who surprisingly invades the sound-track in person, contributing linking passages of narrative which are presumably out of the book, and ought to go straight back in), are contrived without much

freshness: we seem to be seeing bits of *The Citadel* and a number of other stories remade in different terms. But the terms are different, the detail is good and credible, the pictures are worth looking at, the points are intelligently made; and the playing, particularly Mr. MILLS's (it's odd that twenty-five more artificial years of age should make him look so like Charlie Ruggles) is exceedingly praiseworthy. The last part is less satisfactory, but that doesn't spoil the merit of the rest. As a whole it pleased me.

With *Dear Ruth* (Director: WILLIAM D. RUSSELL) we go back to 1944: not only in the successful play of which

At the Pictures

So Well Remembered—Dear Ruth—Time Out of Mind

this is a film version, but also, in a way, in the audience. For here is one of those U.S. home-front pieces that have the indefinable quality of "dating" as it were in three dimensions, on this side of the screen as well as on that; all round us in the cinema are the ghosts of the American war-time playgoers who were all perfectly in tune with the basic assumptions of this story—who felt guilty because they were so far away from action and full of an emotional craving to honour the fighting man (or "boy"). This you will say is too solemn an approach to

Anyway, this is enjoyable enough on the surface: all the funny business is cleverly managed, and BILLY DE WOLFE as a comic civilian (in 1944 all civilians of military age had to be ludicrous or contemptible or misunderstood) is often very funny indeed.

How many more of these perishing piano concertos? The trouble is perhaps that making the hero a pianist is almost the only safe way of showing him as a musician in dramatic circumstances; and if he's a pianist and a composer what should he write but concertos? And what should the concertos be, except inflated versions of the sort of thing most people improvise on the piano? In *Time Out of Mind* (Director: ROBERT SIODMAN) a new note is struck: the angry young composer shows up drunk, and enlivens the first of his imitative works by introducing bits of "Daisy, Daisy." Also he has had to struggle not against poverty but against a flint-hearted father who wanted him to go to sea. But the climax is an orchestral creation which we are supposed to take seriously because it contains the hiss of the sea, the boom of the sands and other things familiar to writers of concert-programme notes. The publicity concentrates on the fact that this is PHYLLIS CALVERT's first Hollywood film, but I doubt whether she can be any happier about it than we are. And it's certainly a most disappointingly tedious one

to come from Mr. SIODMAN, better known for (and much better at) the half-lit, rain-swept "psychological" murder story. R. M.

Pelicans in St. James's Park

THOUGH such a profile, we decide, Would seem a little strange to us, To them it is a source of pride, And not at all incongruous.

And should you stop and gaze, or dare To pass a comment on their poses, They will exchange you stare for stare, And then look two feet down their noses.



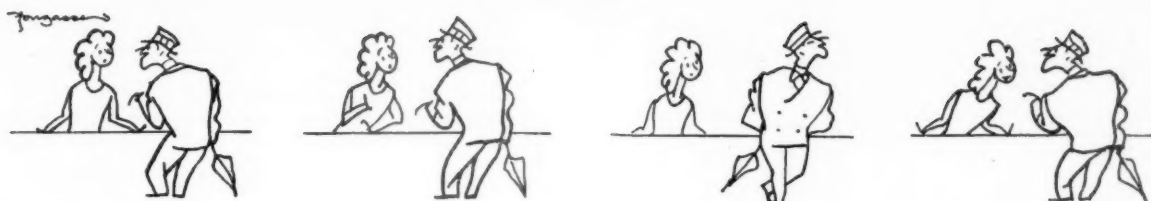
SOLDIER TAKES GIRL.

(Dear Ruth

Miriam	MONA FREEMAN
Albert	BILLY DE WOLFE
Ruth	JOAN CAULFIELD
Lieut. Seacroft	WILLIAM HOLDEN

such a light-hearted romp as *Dear Ruth*, which is full of funny lines beautifully put over; and I agree, it is. The story of the young girl who sent ("I did them in school as part of typing practice") scores of glowing letters to a soldier and signed them with her sister's name has been transferred to the screen with no great effort to make it anything but a reproduction of a play, and it depends entirely on its players and its dialogue—but these are enough to make it entertaining. The U.S. family comedy—the U.S. equivalent of our Dodie-Smith or Esther-McCracken convention—always seems more adult than ours, though it would lead me into further solemn paths to discuss why.

NOSTALGIA

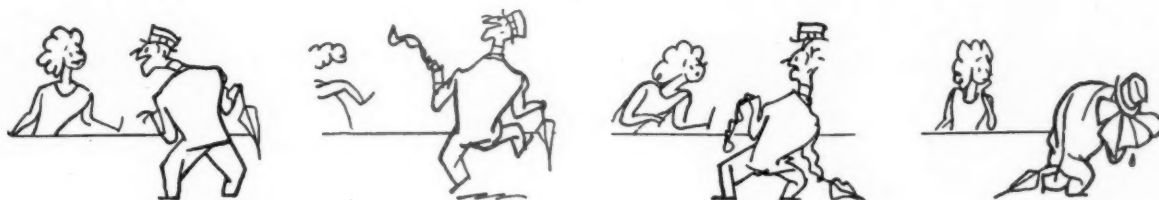


Do you remember the good old days when one used to go into a shop and say "I suppose you haven't any what'sitsnames?"—

and the girl used to say "No, we haven't"—

and one used to say "No, I thought not," and that was that.

I often think of those times now, when I go into a shop and say "I suppose you haven't any what'sitsnames?"—



and the girl says "Oh yes, we have—how many would you like?"—

and goes away to get them—

and then comes back and says—

"I'm so sorry, I'm afraid we've just sold the last one."

Burglars

I FEEL very aggrieved that our flat should have been burgled while Edith and I were away on holiday. Nobody, I am sure, could have taken fuller precautions, and personally I feel a certain amount of umbrage at the attitude of the police, who seem to think that we wanted to be burgled, just because Edith in the rush to catch our train made a perfectly understandable mistake.

Several weeks before we went away Edith called my attention to the necessity for adequate precautions. She had heard a talk on the wireless about the shortage of manpower having adversely affected recruitment for the police without a corresponding drop being registered in the numbers engaged in the burgling industry. Householders were asked to co-operate, and Edith and I having a bias towards law and order decided there and then to co-operate to the fullest extent.

"The great thing is to let the police know we will be away," she said, "so that they can keep an eye on the place, but not to boast about our holiday to other people. We are particularly to use discretion about the tradesmen. If we don't tell the milkman we are going away, then every passing burglar will know from the line of milk-bottles that the flat is at his mercy."

I pondered.

"But supposing the milkman is in league with the burglars?" I objected. "I admit that a more innocent-looking man never existed, but Crippen was the same. It seems to me that we are between Scylla and Charybdis. If we tell the milkman that we are going away he will tip off his burglar friends, and if we don't he will leave the milk and lines of bottles will reveal our absence to all and sundry."

In the end Edith hit on rather a clever scheme. We told the milkman not to deliver for the next fortnight because we had a lot of tins of condensed milk to use up and we were afraid they might go bad if we didn't hurry up about it. The milkman showed clearly by his expression that he thought we must be in the black market to have any condensed milk at all, but he accepted the explanation unobtrusively.

Not until the evening before we went away did we remember the baker. Our baker is a most obliging man. He takes our B.U.s *en bloc* at the beginning of the month, and he calls three times a week and is quite upset if we do not have as much bread as we are entitled to. If we don't happen to be up when he calls he leaves a loaf on the window-ledge, and we pay him next time we

see him. Sometimes we owe him as much as 1s. 6½d. before settlement is effected.

"Loaves would give the game away as surely as milk-bottles," said Edith. "We will leave a note stuck on the door saying that we are dieting, and do not require any bread until further notice."

Before we left the house we made sure that all the windows were fastened and the doors securely locked, and as we dashed out Edith stuck the baker's note to the door with a drawing-pin, and we posted another note to the police station, marked Highly Confidential, telling them that we would be away for a fortnight. Unfortunately in her haste she stuck the notice about being away for a fortnight to the door, and posted to the police the news that we were dieting, which rather surprised them.

Perhaps we should have been burgled anyway, because three out of the other four flats in our block were also ransacked. The only one to escape was the flat occupied by Sympton. Incurably careless, he had left all his windows open when he went away, and the burglars presumably decided that he must be in residence, and gave him a miss.



"Her language has been awful ever since they increased the price of cigarettes."

Cidre de la Normandie

VARENGEVILLE
In Normandy
Was washed away

The peasants say
Upon a stormy winter's day
Of some forgotten century.
The Manor, hewn from quarry stones,
Went hurtling down to Davy Jones;
The farms were carried off; the church
Came toppling from its lofty perch,
And men and women, dogs and cats,
Churchwarden-pipes and raffia hats
With petticoats of scarlet flannel
Were swept into the English Channel.
"Voyons," says Papa Berquier,
Spreading his fingers outwardly
With an explanatory sniff,
"What else can be expected if
One builds a village on a cliff
Above the greedy sea?"

L'Auberge de
La Voilerie
Alone withstood
The waves and should
Withstand them for another good
Ten years the fishermen agree.
The village has sprung up anew
As villages are apt to do.
This inn, built many miles inland
Peers now across the speckled sand.
Why it was left unharmed remains
Obscure. Perhaps the leaded panes,

The eaves, the dim and raftered ceilings
Appealed to Neptune's better feelings.
"Pourtant," says Papa Berquier,
Shaking his head unhappily,
"One sometimes hopes it too will sink.
Poor folk! With all that salt I think
How they must long down there to drink
Cidre de la Normandie." O. D.

Way Out

SO I asks him straight. I says "Can I have a pound and a half best seedless raisings, Mr. Holocaust?"
"Bless me, lady," he says, "that you can't! Haven't seen a seedless these six months past. Can't get 'em, not for love nor money."

"Well," I says, looking him in the eyes, "there's some I could tell of manages to get them. That I know."

"Ah!" he says. "Raisings, yes. But was they seedless?"

"Now then, I can't say that without I've had one, can I?"

"And was they best?" he goes on, closing one eye, and looking at me ever so sinister. "No, they wasn't then. Not best, nor not seedless. Couldn't have been with this 'ere tied economy of ours. We haven't the machines."

"Machines for seeding them, Mr. Holocaust?" I says.
"Machines for punching dimples in golf-balls," he replies, and leans his arms on the counter.

"Bless my soul!" I says, sitting myself on a packing-case. "Whoever wants one of them things?"

"Ah," he says. "Now you're asking. You don't want one, no more do I. But there's many as does, seemingly. Foreigners," he says.

"Well, whatever next, Mr. Holocaust!" I says.

"Why, I rather fancy nurseries is next," he says, "—in the factories. That and shorter hours for essential industry." And he hangs up a fly-paper in his shop. Then, looking at me over the top of it he says: "But have we the nurses?" and I shakes me head, feeling sure as we haven't. "We haven't," he says. "Which it's the unsettling effect of the films as is responsible for. Am I right?"

Well, I agrees. "Certingly," I says.

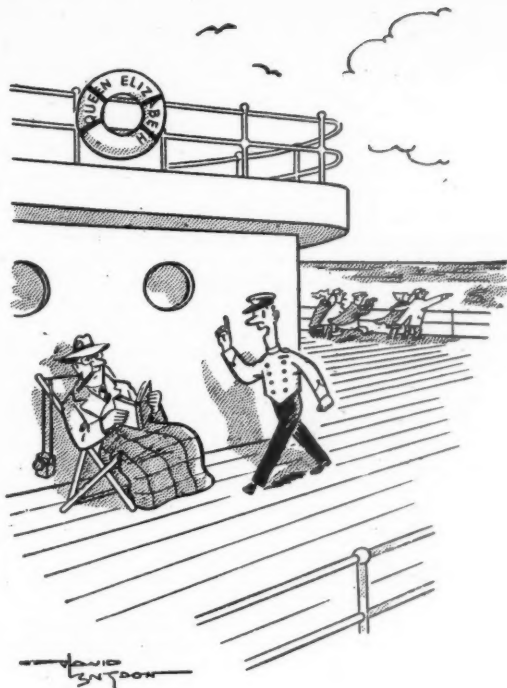
"All right," he says, taking me up very quick. "You say bring Displaced Persons from the Baltic. But can they get here, with iron curtains what they are and visa difficulties at the Kremlin? They can't. So it's more men for the mines and it's cut down on your gas fires 'cepting for invalids and old people with less than two ounces of baccy a week. Now do you see where it's getting us?" he asks. "Take yourself then"—and I says "Yes," just to be helpful like—"wanting a few raisings." "Er, best seedless, please, Mr. Holocaust," I reminds him. "Yes, well you're not to be getting them, not without you get your neighbour to let you have one of her golf-ball punching plants."

"What!" I says, that surprised to hear him bring in you, love, "Mrs. A.?" I says. But it was only a manner of speaking.

"No," he says, "you can't have them with labour prices in Africa what they are, not if you paid for them in gold bricks. Which they wouldn't thank you for, them being so short of dollars."

"Ah," I nods my head at this, for I haven't seen a dollar myself, not since them G.I.s went back.

"All right," says old Holocaust. "Where's your dollars



"Sterling area in sight, sir."

to come from then? America. And where they going to? America. There you are," he ends up. "The Marshall plan."

Well, dear, I sits there thinking it over, and just going to ask him for a nice lettuce when he starts off again.

"So what does the American Senate do then? Why, sends it all streaming back across the Atlantic in goods, see? Left-handed corkscrews, rolls of double-sided carbon paper to be split in French workshops, and glass marbles for lemonade bottles. Do you know the 'orrifying quantities of lemonade consumed by some of these countries? No, and why should you? What you want is raisings, isn't it?"

"Yes," I says.

"Yes," says he. "And you can't have raisings, not without giving something in return, and something as the foreign seeders and raisers is needing. No," he says. "It's work or want now, and no error," and he folds up his newspaper and shoves it away under the counter.

"Or take the novelty trade now," he says, bobbing up again sudden. "We can't compete there, can we? There isn't the same demand here for pens as write under water, nor for flying saucers neither. 'Ere," he says very quiet, and I leans forward to catch what he's saying—"what'll happen if we don't nationalize market gardens?"

I looks at him.

"Glut," he says. "Glut's what'll happen, and smart as you like we'll find ourselves an insolvent creditor nation strangled by unbacked foreign bills. Now, is that what we want? Is that what you're after? It is not. It's—"

"Raisings," I puts in.

"It is. And you've a right to your raisings, so you have. But," and he holds his pencil at me, "not without we put our backs into it. Give us the tools," he says,

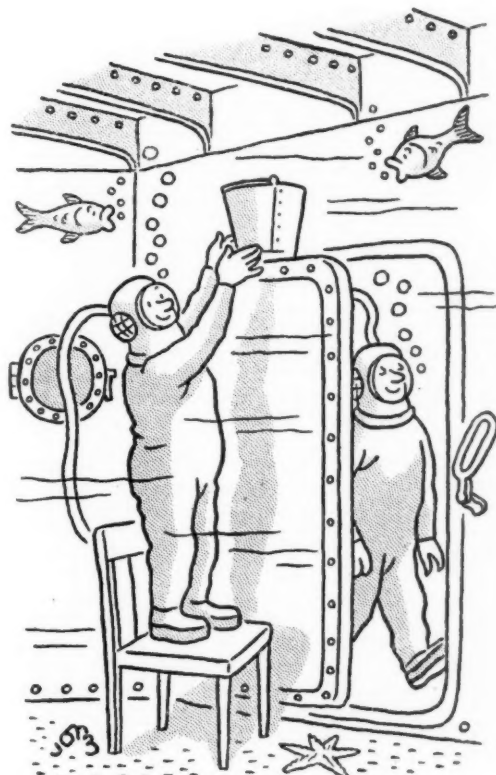
shouting now so as to rattle his pile of cocoa tins, "and we'll finish the job. But it'll mean tightening our belts, some more, and cutting down on the Third Programme—"

"Ah!" I says.

"'Ere," he says, counting it off on his fingers, "no Third Programme, no 'Ouse of Lords. That's sense, isn't it? Cut your newsprint supplies. Pour capital into the Ruhr. Plough back your intangible profits, and give the baker's roundsman a square deal. Look what's happening to-day. Markets flooded with functional luxury articles, while they're throwing the goldfish back into the rivers of Tibet and burning rice in the pipes of Persia. Just give them time-and-a-half incentive money," he says, mopping his brow, "and you've done the trick. Then you'll get your world beet-crops pooled. Then you'll get the 'omes you deserve. Then you'll stabilize prices, refit your factories, and unload your golf-ball-dimple punching machines on the progressive backward races. THEN you'll get your raisings, and no argy-bargy neither. Then you'll get your best seedless which," he says, looking at his shelf, "I'm out of just at the moment, but hoping for next Thursday, all being well." And he takes out his newspaper from under the counter.

So I come away, dear, with a nice fresh lettuce and three packets of bun-flour mixture. They was his last three, for I heard him tell a customer as how he'd got some more on order but could never tell when he'd get them with shipping space what it was.

"It's like this 'ere with dollar diplomacy," he was saying, but I didn't stop, love. I came away with my lettuce, and lucky to get that, if you're to believe all old Holocaust tells you.



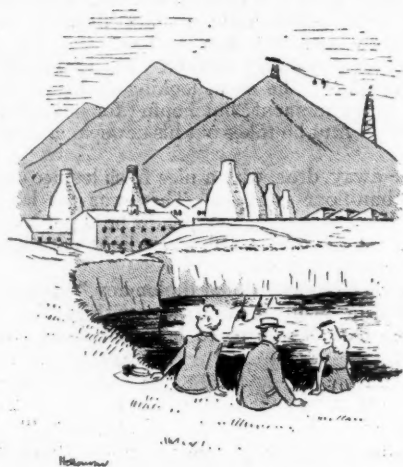
An Innocent in Britain

(Mr. Punch's special correspondent is on tour to find out how the land lies for visitors from overseas.)

IX—Pottersville

IT was Mrs. Upscheider's own suggestion, really. "Can't we scratch a little deeper into this tottering civilization of yours?" she said. "Seems like we're still on the surface—one vacation centre or cultural shrine after another. Let's go some place else where folks work some."

So we consulted the map and I drew a line across it from ... No, why cause needless suffering? Anyway, we agreed to regard the area north of this line as "industrial" Britain in heavy inverted commas, an area from which we



would select one major urban agglomeration for close study and inspection. Miss Franklin wanted to see Sheffield because she'd heard it described as the English Pittsburgh. Mrs. Upscheider, with a gorgeous gingham overall outfit from Saks still undisturbed at the bottom of her trunk, voted for the Black Country. I plunged an arbitrary pin into the map and punctured a southern spur of the Pennines near the head-waters of the River Trent. That meant the Potteries.

It was a popular decision. "Maybe we'll be able to purchase some china merchandise," said Miss Franklin. "It'll be real swell to get to grips with the Arnold Bennett locale," said Mrs. U. "No tour of Britain would be complete," I said, slipping easily into my best guide-book prose, "without a trip to North Staffordshire, a region steeped in traditions of all kinds, nursery of the age-old craft of potting, Mecca of ..."

Stoke-on-Trent wears its three-star renown with heavy-lidded modesty. Its hotel accommodation and popular entertainment (cinemas excepted) are meagre, and the string of towns from Tunstall to Longton is uniformly dull. No architectural high-lights relieve the drabness, no green patches brighten the grey and gritty backcloth. But there are numerous holes—hundreds of giant marl-pits old and new—the old ones full of stagnant water and the remains of discarded domestic animals, the new ones busy with mechanical scoops and conveyors. These marl-pits represent the debit side of Stoke's geological trading account. On the credit side—to stretch the metaphor to breaking-point—are the mounds of material imported from Cornwall and Devon and the mountains of rubble transferred to the surface from the coal and iron mines. Among the self-

balancing items we may note the extensive depositories of broken or half-baked crockery, known locally as "shard-rucks."

The potter knows all about the ugliness of his city: it is a favourite subject with novelists, journalists, painters and photographers. But it worries him much less than the tourist might suppose. You see, the Potteries for all its ribbon-development is only a minor blemish in the beautiful meadow of the North Midlands. Ten minutes of brisk walking in any direction from the main highway put you on the fringe of open country. So the potter never suffers from that urban claustrophobia which afflicts the Londoner or the Mancunian. He knows that just beyond the skyline of bottle-neck ovens and giant slag-heaps lie the Cheshire plain and the moorlands. He can get away from it all so easily.

The potter is not ashamed of his city: on the contrary he is aggressively proud of it. And his pride springs chiefly, I think, from the following facts:

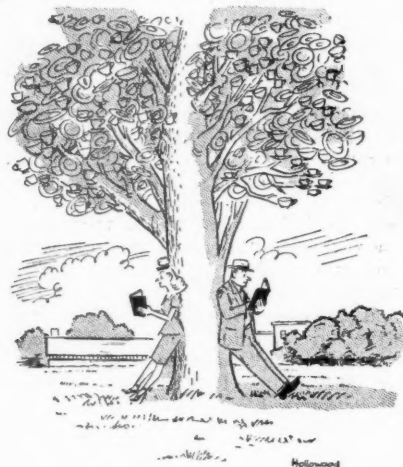
1. That outsiders consider Stoke's main-line bus service the fastest and most frequent in the country. London has its wonderful policemen: the Potteries its buses.

2. That outsiders regard Trentham (a suburb of Stoke almost) as a national beauty-spot, visit it in splendid charabancs, row on its lake and in its ballroom, and generally croon its praises.

3. That Stoke makes the world's finest china and earthenware—to say nothing of other grades.

4. That Stanley Matthews, the "Wizard of Dribble" as one newspaper insists on calling him, was born and bred here.

5. That a novelist called Arnold Bennett lived here for a time.



Under the Wedgwood tree

The case of Arnold Bennett is interesting. No city of 300,000 inhabitants likes to be told that so-an-so put it on the map, and Stoke is no exception. In one of its greyer moods it even seems to bear the writer a mild grudge. When you compare the niggardly memorial plaque in Hope Street, Hanley, with what Dorchester has done for

Thomas Hardy you will probably be as disappointed as Miss Franklin—especially, if I may be so bold, when you compare it with what the Americans have done for Thomas Hardy. It should not be forgotten that Bennett borrowed very freely from the local dialect, and that with success he



"... profound contempt for
Covent Garden porters."

swopped his birth-place for a suite at the Grand Babylon Hotel where he wore faultless evening-dress with consummate ease (or consummate evening-dress with faultless ease—I forget which). Did Bennett spurn the hand that fed him with plots and atmosphere? It's a lively topic to bring up some evening in the vaults of the "George" or the "Leopard," when the saga of Matthews falters for lack of new data.

But the real reason why Arnold Bennett hasn't been allowed to put Stoke on the map is that Josiah Wedgwood beat him to it. Wedgwood is of course a name to conjure with—though not, perhaps, at current prices. With Mrs. Upscheider you can follow the Wedgwood story from

Burslem (the birth-place and the first factory) to Fenton (the partnership with Whieldon) to Etruria (the first factory in a garden) and on to the new works at Barlaston. You can spend happy days at the Museum with Wedgwood relics and manuscripts and a pleasant hour or two under his genealogical tree. You can see the thrower turning out cups for California, New York, New England and dollars, saucers flying to the Middle West; and when you have compared them with the fragmentary crocks now being used in North Staffordshire homes and hotels you will begin to understand just how almighty the American buck really is. You can see the dinner-services used at Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia, specimens of the 952-piece service made for the Empress Catherine II of Russia (there are a few more at Marshall Field's store in Chicago), samples of the 1,282-piece china set supplied to Theodore Roosevelt at the White House . . . And when you have finished with Barlaston you can do Minton's, Spode's, Doulton's and the factories of many more potting celebrities.

In case that word "Etruria" should puzzle you I should explain that the name of the village was chosen by the great Josiah himself to honour the ancient Etruscans—"Artes Etruriae Renascuntur." Then, to revive your perplexity, let me tell you that Florence and Dresden are also in the Potteries. Nice little suburbs they are, too—in honour of the ancient Florentine and Dresden potters. But you should have heard the fuss there was a few years ago when the Japanese renamed one of their islands "Staffordshire" to honour the ancient British potters! Which reminds me that his "Five Towns" got Arnold Bennett into a lot of hot water. Euphony is all very well in its place, but you can't expect to annihilate a whole town and get away with it. The sixth town is Fenton—and hot water or no hot water that's the lot.

I should now like to immortalize the Potteries dialect. Of course, the potter doesn't admit that there is a dialect: he will tell you that this is a hoary Danish-Saxon settlement, isolated for centuries and protected from the lingual genteelism of the south. He will say: "They costna bate

Stook language: tanner otered f'undreds a yeers. Wey spake as weyn owis spook an' weyn goo on spakin' it—Bey Bey Cey notwithstanding! Theer's noo pleece lark wom." (Handsome blue underglaze tureens to senders of the first six correct solutions opened.) But the B.B.C. is having its effect: the vowels are thinning out and the more pungent gutturals are now heard only behind the Boothend goal at the Victoria ground. Once or twice on this trip I thought I detected a lisp or two among the bus-conductors. It is very sad.

Everything changes, even the ancient craft itself. The thrower and his wheel have been superseded by automatic making-machines; the old familiar ovens and kilns are giving way to continuous tunnel-ovens which bake the ware very much as the London Underground deals with its passengers; and even the placer, with his profound contempt for Covent Garden porters, is being ousted by the conveyor-belt. A placer, I am reliably informed, is a man who can climb a ladder with amazing agility while balancing a load of saggars on his head. And these saggars, believe it or not, are fireclay boxes full of expensive ware and weighing anything up to . . . well, let's say half a ton. Off duty the placer can easily be recognized by his level-headed approach to politics and the way he rolls his eyes. Mass-production is on the way. One of the newer factories reminded Mrs. Upscheider so forcibly of the works of Ford and Kaiser that after a long and significant silence she called it "Willow Pattern Run." Stone and clay and bone go in at one end and come out at the other neatly packed and labelled as either exports or export rejects. We watched saucers being tested on the runway, cups being bounced on wooden floors, egg-cups being hurried away into stock and many other interesting operations—all of which convinced us that Science and Research have come to stay . . .

Had we missed anything of the Potteries? To reassure Miss Franklin we climbed to the summit of Spion Kop, one



"... to the summit of Spion Kop."

of the finest tip-heaps in the district, and made a last-minute survey of the landscape. Although at this elevation we were well above the clouds of smoke and steam breathing was still rather difficult and seeing chiefly a matter of believing. But we could make out the fine Shelton range and the peaks of Sneyd, the gleaming waters of the Trent and Mersey canal, the unruffled surface of the Fowl Lea brook . . .

Sheer magic it was, especially for the returning native.
HOD.



"Perhaps Mrs. Ramsden's little boy doesn't care for boxing, darling."

A Photo Finish

I AM strolling along the promenade of a South Coast resort. The air, advertised in the newspapers (before the newsprint cut) as refreshing and stimulating, is at the moment full of the smell of fish and chips coming from a café across the road.

Suddenly someone says "Give us a smile, sir."

I look up. There is a click, and the photographer, standing just in front of me, hands me a card as I pass.

I regard the fellow as a nuisance. In my opinion there are far too many photographers about. I don't mind one here and there, but I object to seeing them every few yards. And the visitors get so annoyed too.

"Smile, please!"

I glare malevolently. But it doesn't have any effect, and I am handed another white card, which assures me that somebody will be interested to see my photograph.

I promptly tear the card in half, and in doing so just manage to avoid another photographer, who steps out from behind a pile of deck-chairs, which he is evidently using as camouflage.

I am glad I have avoided this fellow, because his snaps are always blurred, and one set I did buy once showed me looking as though I was dying of some dread disease, and had the title "This is what the South Coast does for you!" I eventually sold the set at a profit to a North Coast advertising firm.

I am just congratulating myself on getting away so easily this time when someone hands me yet another card.

I look at it. Streathan's! So they are on the job now. I had always thought they, at least, would keep clear of this sort of thing. And three snaps for one-and-sixpence! Evidently trying to undercut the real men in the profession.

I am disappointed, and I hope I look it.

I am next molested by a man in a bright check suit, who offers to take a photo of me as I paddle in the sea—"Just to give to the wife."

I tell him I have no wish to provide photographs for his wife, and walk on, pleased with my remark.

Five minutes pass, and I have not been stopped again. I look around. Thank heaven! there are no more photographers in sight.

I take up my camera, tell the couple just coming along to "give me a smile," and, as they pass, hand them one of my special cards.

o o

Shaggy Dog Story

"The dog had a number tattooed inside its ear in the same way as those used by the American Army during the war, and said its owner took part in a recent popular film." *Lincolnshire paper.*



THE INTRUDER

"This thing's always turning up."

MONDAY, July 28th.—

Perhaps it was because the summer recess was one week nearer, and tempers therefore (according to the Parliamentary superstition) that much shorter. Or perhaps it was merely that Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health, was in charge of the debate. Whatever the cause, the atmosphere in the Commons debating chamber was as sultry and electric as it was over a great part of the land, where thunderstorms raged.

The subject of the debate was housing. A casual listener might have thought the subject to be the Minister. From the word "Go!" Mr. BEVAN (who has proclaimed his dislike for "targets") was himself a target for Opposition speakers. Mr. WALKER-SMITH began it by mentioning that Mr. BEVAN's failure had been spectacular. This drew no cheers at all from Mr. BEVAN.

Then Lady MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, who wields a pretty nifty debating hat-pin when the housing of the people is the subject, had a go at her fellow-countryman. She put it all in her usual graceful and pleasant way, but the point *would* keep showing up just in front of the Minister's apprehensive nose: "Not enough houses, Mister B." One novel proposal Lady MEGAN made: that the Minister should go into the Black Market. But she hastily explained that she meant he was to raid it for man-power which was now (so she said) engaged on under-the-counter painting, building and decorating.

Mr. BEVAN was next. He said he had provided 250,000 houses and more; that he did not know what the Opposition was complaining about; that if the Opposition wanted Draconian methods it must not complain if the shoe pinched where it was not wanted to pinch. Before anyone had had time to work this one out Mr. BEVAN had gone on to "reveal" (as the Political Correspondents say) that the Government was "not satisfied" with housing progress, adding: "Who could be?"

The two sides of the House seemed to attach different meanings to this, for both cheered. But one lot of cheers, there seemed little doubt, was of the kind called "ironical." On the Opposition side there was also laughter, so it was a little confusing when Mr. BEVAN added gloomily: "For heaven's sake, don't let us be so depressed!"

As though taking this to heart, Mr. ROB HUDSON, stepped blithely from the Opposition Front Bench with an armful of political hand-grenades—

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done:

Monday, July 28th.—House of Commons: A Piece About Houses.

Tuesday, July 29th.—House of Lords: The Gage is Thrown Down.

House of Commons: About the Colonies.

which he proceeded to distribute around the Minister, neatly pulling out the pins as he talked.

He said the country needed 2,000,000 houses, and pointed out that Mr. BEVAN's 250,000 hardly filled the gap. (Mr. BEVAN snorted.) He said that Mr. BEVAN had shown "wilful pig-headedness." (Mr. BEVAN grunted.) He said that Mr. BEVAN had, during the war, done his best to sabotage the war effort. (Mr. BEVAN nearly burst.)



Impressions of Parliamentarians

14. Mr. W. J. Brown (Rugby)

Mr. BEAUMONT, the Deputy-Speaker, expressed the view that Mr. HUDSON's words had been harsh to the point of being out of order, and Mr. HUDSON respectfully withdrew them. And that, apart from a few meaty observations from Mr. BEVAN, was that.

TUESDAY, July 29th.—A number of fans invaded the House of Lords to-day. They were not the Transatlantic variety, but just simple electric fans put there to cool the atmosphere somewhat. The atmosphere referred to is of course the physical, not the political, for their Lordships always carry out their business with calm and coolness.

For instance, when the Commons' rejection of the Lords' amendments to the Government's Transport Bill was considered, Lord SALISBURY, leading the Opposition, got up and announced that he resented the Government's "cavalier treatment" of their Lordships' carefully-thought-out and extremely reasonable amendments. All,

all were gone, the old familiar amendments, he cried, with much of the heart-throb pathos of a Charles Lamb. As usual, he showed no fury—just a gentle (or gentle-ish) annoyance that such a thing should have happened.

But of course their Lordships did not intend to take all this lying down. No one throws out the noble amendments with impunity, and it was promptly proposed that the amendments (or something very like them) should be restored to the Bill one by one and sent back to the Commons, with a sort of dignified "So there!" It is a long time since the two Houses engaged in this game of "noughts and crosses" over a major measure, and the speeches of Ministers had added a spice to the game, for the chance of "reform" lay ahead if the Lords won it.

Most people thought the Lords, having made a defiant gesture, would let the matter drop, but it soon became plain that this was not to be so. Even Lord BEVERIDGE (once the darling of the Government) spoke of the Government's action as "another confession of the failure of Socialism."

"Can't accept the amendment," said Lord ADDISON, for the Government, when his opponents showed their determination to insist on increasing the radius within which "private transport may operate from twenty-five to forty miles.

"A very unconvincing answer," retorted Lord SWINTON, who went on to use words like: "great nonsense," "paranoia," "megalomania," in describing the Government's case.

But Lord A. (cast in the part of Brer Fox) evidently thought that the Governmental part was to lie low and say nuffin—which he (practically) did. So their Lordships, just to *show* him, defeated the Government by 57 votes to 12, and sent the amendment to the Commons to think about. Maybe there will be a constitutional crisis about it . . . maybe. The Commons can choose whether to accept the amendment or reject it. And the Lords can choose whether to insist or not. And so, very nearly, *ad infinitum*.

The Commons were talking about the Colonial Empire, and Mr. CREECH JONES told an Arabian Nights-like story of the diamonds and lead and other valuables (even food) that lay in the vast unknown of the British Colonies.

As the temperature was tropical, the amount of local colour was considerable. And not a few honourable Members dozed gently as the story was unfolded. But the recess is coming.



"I feel that an outpost of empire like Londinium is just the place where one SHOULD dress for dinner."

Paper

ONE day, when my "demob" leave was nearly up, I had a look through all the paper that had been thrust upon me during that hectic hour in which I was transformed from officer to civilian. The point was that I hadn't got myself a job, and I felt sure that one of the pamphlets would tell me how to get one. I found that the Ministry of Labour would train me for an executive position and, after that, help me to find one. I thought: "What a nice man that Mr. Isaacs must be."

The thing was very simple. All I had to do was to complete form X37, obtainable on demand at any Resettlement Bureau, send it to London, and wait.

Full of hope and purpose I entered the local Resettlement Bureau and found a girl sipping tea. "Please," I said, "may I have a copy of form X37?"

Instead I was offered a seat. When she had finished her tea the girl got out a book and said "Now what was it you wanted?"

"One copy of form X37," I said.

"What is your name?" said she, "and your address? and how old are you? and what service were you in? and what was your rank?"

I gave all this information, pointing out that my very fine beard could only have been acquired in the Senior Service, and again asked for my form. But no, I was once more invited to take a seat.

Now our Chief Constable has embarked on a vigorous campaign to stop folks using the streets as car-parks; he has set his men on to prowling about with their note-books, and, if they are not within sight of the town hall clock, with watches too, and if you leave your car for more than fifteen minutes you get run in. I started to tell the girl all about this, but it was obvious that she wasn't interested.

Eventually I was sent upstairs into the office of a most affable little man. He shook me warmly by the hand and said "I hear you want to see me."

"I don't want to appear rude," I said, "but all I wanted was a form. I didn't really want to see anyone."

"Take a seat," he said, "and we will

see what we can do for you. Now, may I have your full name, address, age, service and rank?"

These details he proceeded to enter in a book, the twin brother of the one kept by the girl downstairs. "Now," he said again when all this was completed, "how can I help you?"

I explained that I wanted to apply for a course run by the Ministry of Labour. He told me that that was a perfectly simple matter. All I had to do was to ask the girl downstairs for a copy of form X37, complete it and send it to London.

I thanked him. "Not at all," he said, "I'm here to help you people."

Now the funny thing is that on form X37 you have to fill in your name, age, address, service and rank.

"AN APOLOGY

I regret that statements made by me about Thomas — . . . Belfast, were untrue and unfounded, and I tender to him my sincere apology.—James —, . . . Belfast.

Announcement in Belfast paper.

Ah, well—better luck next time.



"It's a letter from the Commissar of Inland Revenue, dear."

Pilgrimage to the Louvre

I AM awakened by the Russian colonel, who is night porter in this pleasant, unpretentious dump, bringing my *petit déjeuner* and my shoes. I suppose he is the chap who comes round in the night distempering the inside of your mouth, which I think is rather a liberty, but is presumably a custom of the house, as I observed the same symptoms yesterday morning.

I note with gratification that my shoes are no dirtier than they were when I put them outside the door, which seems to show that the colonel did not wear them during the night. Probably he has found that Bill's fit him better.

It is a pleasing thought that after

the rigours of two days in France the job which we came to do is finished, and we have a clear day to wait in Paris for our plane with a sufficient number of francs left to maintain ourselves in modest comfort. While pondering this I note with the eye of the practised traveller that French coffee cups are very shaky.

I suddenly remember and summon the Russian colonel again to ask whether I can have a bath this morning, but it seems that Bill has got up early, the rat, and had the bath already. There will be another on Wednesday (or is it Friday?)—the French must know French much better than I do to spot the difference between

the two in quick-fire conversation). The colonel explains that the bath shortage is due to strikes of the bank clerks, the mincemeat men, the metal-workers and others.

He is evidently a student of economics and a philosopher, for he settles down with one of my cigarettes to explain the position to me. He says that whereas the British are basing all their hopes of economic recovery on the simple strangulation of production by Government control, the French, who are a more individualistic people, fervently believing in private enterprise, prefer to trust to a complex and carefully considered system of interlocking strikes, now practically continuous, which gives the same effect and is jollier, as you always have the chance of a free-for-all in the streets.

NOW that I have contrived at last to sling the colonel out and get dressed I find Bill downstairs with a number of French newspapers. He is smirking a good deal over the bath and sniffing at me rather offensively, but I ignore it. Bill asks me if I have ever noticed how much more thought a murderer has to give to his work in France than in England if he values his Press publicity. In England a murderer can bump off the loved one in the most mundane way with a standard tool like a revolver, and still be sure of a fair Press, especially if he is in a decent position; but in France they relegate an affair like that to a couple of paragraphs on an inside page. If the chap wants to make a real splash he has to show some artistic imagination. Now, this fellow this morning—this gasfitter of Limoges—knows his onions, having *tué*-ed his *belle-mère* avec un *coup de chandelier* and subsequently *découpé*-ed her and stuffed the bits into old meat-cans. Bill points out that he has got even Molotov and Bidault squeezed into a pretty uncomfortable corner of the front page and has practically stolen the whole paper.

I MENTION to Bill that time is passing and suggest that we should make plans for the day. My own idea is that, with all these international conferences about, we should conduct ourselves in the way that the French would expect of two English travellers at leisure, but Bill is against this. He says that since he left the Service he has never cared about getting stinking before noon. He thinks that we should see the Louvre and maybe take in just a snoot or two on the way along.

Out in the street Bill has one more shot at chirruping at a young dog and

trying to pat it, but the dog's mother has told it, and it drops its work at once and lights out for the next prefecture at about sixty with its head well down and zig-zagging cleverly. Bill, who has never slung a brick at a dog in his life, is very hurt about this and wants to get near enough to a French dog to explain.

We consider whether it is better to buy a map or to depend upon asking our way from point to point at cafés and such places, and we decide on the latter course as being the more friendly and better for our French. At the first café, while we are sipping our simple Vermouth, the waiter, who has divined somehow that we are not French, offers whisperingly to get us a couple of shots of Pernod, which seems to be something of a favour, but we decline politely. The waiter considers that we are wrong. He points out that if you get pie-eyed on Pernod you can go to bed, wake up sober after a night's healing sleep, and then, by simply drinking one glass of water, be just as pie-eyed again the next morning without further exertion. He says that the number of man-hours saved in this way up and down the country will be a big factor in French economic recovery. Bill says that that is all very well, but it is also liable to give a tracer effect to the breath, and we must remember that we are flying to-morrow morning. It seems that a friend of his was once asked by an Air France hostess to stop breathing while taking-off and landing.

IT is a fair distance to the Louvre, but we are checking our course frequently, and the latest information is that we are gaining on it perceptibly. We decide that the next time we get lost we will have lunch wherever we are. The beauty of Paris is that you can get a good lunch anywhere, varying in excellence only according to the number of days' income you are prepared to spend on it.

At the restaurant we inquire anxiously about the Louvre. The sailing directions are still a bit complex and it is difficult to visualize the kilometres, but on the experience of the morning it sounds as though we will only have to lose ourselves about four times more and buy another couple of bottles of scent and we will be practically there, provided that the sword-swallowers and similar types with whom Bill will insist on getting into conversation in the cafés do not take too long over explaining the political situation to us.

I say that perhaps it would have been quicker if we had taken the

Métro or something of the kind, but Bill says that it has been better this way. It is important that we should see the Louvre; but the Louvre is not everything, and this has given us an insight into the life of the people.

On the way along we discuss the psychology of the blokes responsible for naming drapers and dress-shops. In England if they want to put on a bit of dog they will dub a shop "Le Bon Marche" or "Les Galeries Champs-Élysées," or something of the sort; but in France they name it in the straightforward English way, "The House Latest Fashion" or just "Gentlemanly." The memory of the sunset that we saw in one of them, labelled "Echarpe Old School Tie—Le Dernier Cri Anglais" will remain with us always. Bill slanderously pretends to know the school, but I suspect that that is only because they used to beat his school at rugger.

AND now, after losing ourselves only three times since lunch, we are here at last, in a café from which we can see the Louvre perfectly. It is a splendid building and well worth the trouble. Bill wonders whether we ought to find a café on the other side and have a look at it from there as well, so as to do the thing thoroughly, but I point out that we have devoted practically the whole of our day to culture, and suggest that it will be wise now to think of lighter things, otherwise we may turn into prigs. We start counting up our francs.

A. M. C.

Sunset

APPROACHING that crepuscular ooze
The sun on tiptoe wets his shoes,
Shivers and snorts and rubs his nose
And down to his entombment goes.

In what antipodean murks
The stealthy sun at midnight lurks!
And up what transpacific stairs
Stumbles and strains and sweats and swears!

Scrambling up rungs of swirling fog
With Sirius his faithful dog,
Who, with his hide all wet with light,
Hunts the far coverts of the night.

The sun indeed was seen to drop
Into that chasm with a plop,
Whereat the bellmen of the night
Rang us a chime for our delight.

Swathing his mantle round his sides
The spectre of to-morrow strides;
And where the sun has starred his track
With flaming flares to light him back,

The guileful ogres of our doubt
Hang sable screens to bar him out;
But he, with high and cunning pride,
Comes up upon the other side.

Impending Apology

"So it was like a breadth from the Welsh hills when plump little Mias —, of Swansea, stamped on to the platform in her size three shoes and jolted the gathering into life."
Liverpool paper.



"This is the last time I go to Kenya by car."

IN spite of rare technical accomplishment Mr. NOEL COWARD still appears to lack the emotional judgment necessary for a serious play. Few dramatists writing to-day could have presented a barful of ordinary citizens in a Belgravian pub with the precision which he contrives in *Peace In Our Time* (at the Lyric), or so exactly have caught the humours of the Londoner relaxing. But having brilliantly established his characters, got a good deal of excitement out of the idea of a German occupation of England in 1940 and shown us credibly the gradual change in the invader from correctness to baffled brutality, he seems to me to fling these advantages away. The first half is good entertainment and suggests that Mr. COWARD will now dig deeper; the second slides into

At the Play

Peace in Our Time (LYRIC)—*D'Oyly Carte Season* (SADLER'S WELLS)—*Headlights On "A 5"* (EMBASSY)



[Peace in Our Time]

THEY DON'T HIDE THEIR FEELINGS AT THE LOCAL.

Alma Boughton	MISS HELEN HORSEY
Fred Shatlock	MR. BERNARD LEE
Albrecht Richter	MR. RALPH MICHAEL
Nora Shatlock	MISS BEATRICE VARLEY
Chorley Bannister	MR. OLAF POOLEY
Janet Braid	MISS ELSPETH MARCH

sentimental melodrama. Whether or not events would have followed the French pattern if we had lost the Battle of Britain, it is permissible to assume that they might; what is disappointing here is the treatment of that assumption. Let me admit at

once that parts of *Cavalcade* made me uncomfortable, as did the speech to the remnants of his crew by the captain of the destroyer in that otherwise excellent film *In Which We Serve*, and that to me the author of *Bitter-Sweet*, *Hay Fever* and *The Vortex* (strictly in that order) is a far more important person than Mr. COWARD the patriotic pamphleteer. Others feel differently about this, which is obviously a question of personal make-up. But nothing will convince me that his second act is more than a conventionally adroit scratching at the English character, or that an end in which a resistance movement at its peak crisis, the recapture of London, can spare

breath, officers and transport to arrange a poetic execution for a single Gestapo leader (even "God Save The King" is included) is more than too easily theatrical. Bits of the play are extremely funny, and the acting is very good throughout. Mr. ALAN WEBB making the most of uncommonly shrewd casting. Mrs. G. E. CALTHROP's set couldn't be bettered. Mr. BERNARD LEE draws old-and-mild as to the engine born, Miss BEATRICE VARLEY partners him beautifully behind the counter, Miss DANDY NICHOLS serves up tremendous Cockney, Miss ELSPETH MARCH has difficult things to

say and says them well, Miss DORA BRYAN gives a wonderfully idiotic sketch of a victim of celluloid poisoning, and many others distinguish themselves.

GILBERT's lyrics and SULLIVAN's music are imperishably good, but the

mould they are set in begins to creak. We ancients who have grown up to its stately rhythms may still like it, partly because it reminds us of

our first gallery-queues, but I think that if the D'Oyly Carte Company keeps its pruning-hook sheathed much longer then the young will be put off delights which they cannot afford to miss. I don't suggest that *The Mikado* should be played in beachwear or that the Crazy Gang should erupt among the Yeomen, but a start could be made by speeding up production to something nearer the present fashion, by converting some of GILBERT's more ponderous manoeuvres into satiric ballet, by varied and less static décor, and above all by going through the dialogue with a blue pencil poised for such exhausted merriments as the "orphan-often" business in *The Pirates of Penzance*. Both this and *Trial By Jury* are very fairly done in the new season at Sadler's Wells which goes on until August 16th and includes eight of the operas. Miss HELEN ROBERTS, Miss GWYNETH CULLIMORE, Mr. MARTYN GREEN and Mr. THOMAS ROUND sing up like nightingales and are backed by a well-trained chorus.

I have nothing against lorry-drivers, except the growing size of their lorries, but to make a good play the tale of their irregular love-life and clandestine deals would have to be more excitingly and amusingly told than Mr. RONALD WILKINSON's *Headlights On "A 5"* at the Embassy. Any party of chimpanzees from a zoo could be relied on to exhibit a quicker wit and more intelligible feelings than his characters. There is a beefy moron, heir to a squalid tea-shed, who is vaguely supposed to have been mentally reduced by an interview with the Gestapo, but I cannot believe that he was ever up to much, his father being a cringing soak and his mother one of those awful women whose maternal instincts have developed at the expense of their reason. As for his wife, she is such a cold-blooded little piece that if he hadn't throttled her when he did, at least one of the audience would have done it for him. Up to their eyebrows in black marketry, the customers double-cross one another with the utmost abandon, and when the moron smashes himself up trying to kill his best friend the tottering papa is dispatched for the doctor with about as much hope of finding him as a puppy's of locating the North Pole. Nothing would have saved the play, but the acting certainly didn't.

ERIC.

A Fisherman's Tale

A POET sat by a river fishing for trout with a No. 1 Barnstaple Rubber Reel and a Size 2 Catgut Breachfly. Beside him lay an opened book of Tennyson's verses in which was marked the passage from "Mariana":

"For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding
grayling."

However, the poet's thoughts were far away from the lyrical cries of Lord Alfred, for a large and elderly salmon, swimming upstream in rather poor visibility, had mistaken the Size 2 Catgut Breachfly for a Mark 7 West Highland Salmon Dryfly, and the No. 1 Barnstaple Rubber Reel for a No. 5 Inverness Lodie.

The result was that the poet, never a very practical fisherman at the best of times, now found himself having to catch a really formidable fish with quite the wrong sort of tackle.

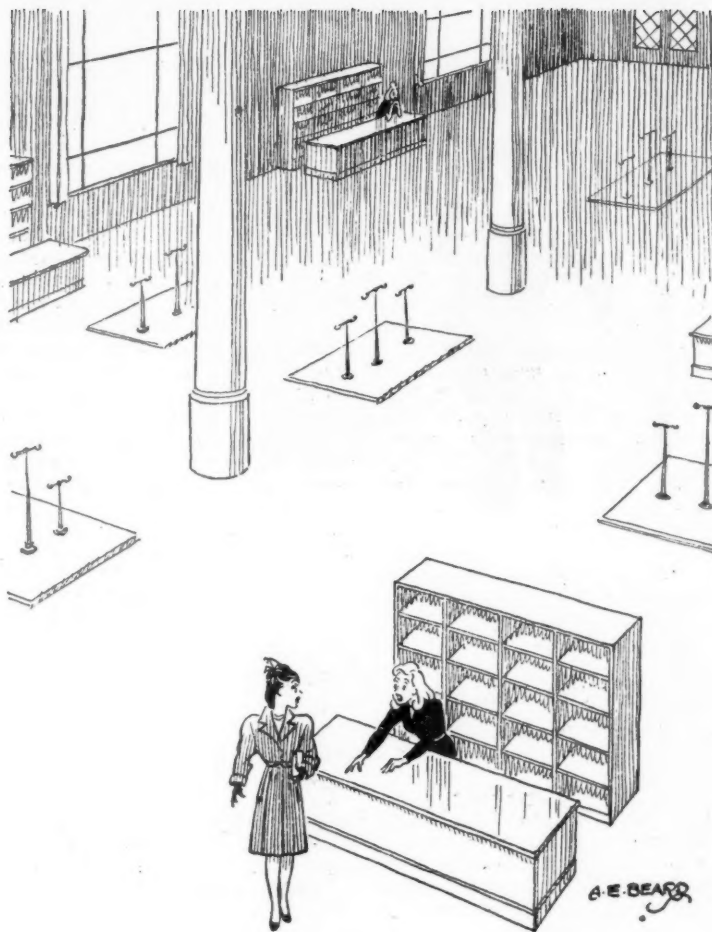
The salmon, immediately realizing its mistake on finding a mere Barnstaple in its mouth, commenced to carry out the normal Salmon Drill for Barnstaple Ejection, only to find that the hook had caught in its right gill. And to make matters worse for the poor wretched poet, a small eel, under the impression that the Breachfly was a Lambert and Watkin Eel Coaster, had caught hold of it as well.

It so happened that when the poet had set out to go fishing that morning he had been unable to find his pair of Lowestoft Deep Sea Waders which he always made a habit of wearing on these fishing expeditions, and so had been forced to borrow an ordinary pair of Wellington boots, which only came up to just below his knees.

In the heat of the struggle with the fish he had gradually edged towards the centre of the stream and the deeper water and suddenly, without any preliminary warning, his Wellingtons began to fill with ice-cold river water. And at the same time a school of minnows swimming downstream were sucked into the boots with the water.

It is not a common experience to have minnows swimming around inside one's boots whilst waterlogged in the centre of a stream and, being caught thus unawares, the poet lost his balance and was precipitated headlong into the water.

The salmon, meanwhile, had managed to get the hook out of its gill with its right fin, but at that moment the poet fell right on top of it and the line became entangled round its neck,



"PLEASE don't go, madam—do stay and talk to me for a bit!"

and a bullfrog ate the eel and got it stuck in its throat, together with half the line. Thus the poet, with the hook caught in the lobe of one of his ears, was trapped under water.

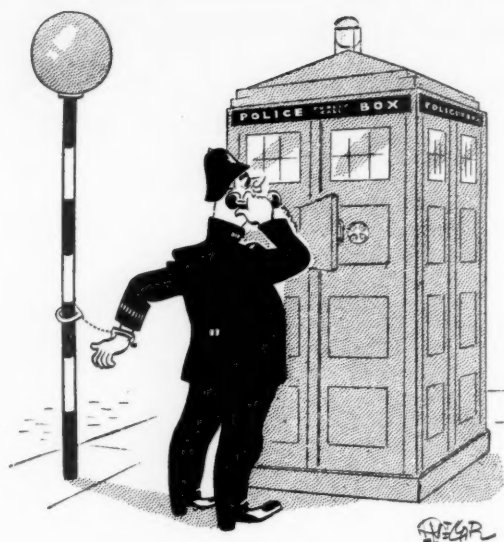
There was a bridge over the stream just near this spot and a local fisherman who was crossing it mistook the commotion in the water for a giant roach spawning. Without further ado he launched a No. 8 Wolfram and Jarvis Super Gannet Fly on to the water and dragged the poet out by his waistcoat.

Subsequently both the salmon and the bullfrog got away, so all the poet had to show for his trouble was a few minnows in his boots.

"Coming Next Week. 'Smiling Eyes.'"
Cinema notice.
With a strong cast?

The Worm Dreams of Turning.

I WILL away where pleasant Freedom
rests
Her elbows on a desk with top that
rolls!
Mine, mine shall be the power that
suggests
New forms to fill, to stamp out
water-voles,
To regulate the size and scope of vests,
Decree linoleum shoes with plastic
soles,
To send Committees scurrying on
quests
(If they can scurry) for atomic coals,
And see my multitudinous behests
Filed in a million bulging pigeon-
holes—
Flower of Bureaucracy and Prince of
Pests,
Controller of Controllers of Controls!



"I've just slipped the bracelets on Slippery Slim—
now whose turn is it to laugh, eh?"

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

An Englishwoman in Italy

MISS MARY BOSANQUET'S *Journey Into a Picture* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 12/6) appears like a green leaf in the dove's beak of peace. It is, however, the story of a young volunteer sent to Italy with thirteen other Y.M.C.A. women in 1944, starting off at Bari. The writer, whose own particular mandate was to organize "Club activities" of the more intelligent sort, took Bari in her stride: apart from its octopus, battered to death on the quays and eaten raw, and its female Yugoslav partisans. She discovered for herself the essential Italy; and, in doing so, not only drew her compatriots into a charmed circle but managed to dwell there herself for the whole of her eighteen months. Never was a year and a half more significant. A painter and potter were found at Bari and the Bari Arts Club was in a fair way to reproduce itself elsewhere when the war ended and authority lost interest. But the men were still there. So Miss BOSANQUET acquired a gallery of Italian reproductions and toured it with equally exhilarating results. The entire map of Italy is needed to pin-point her assignments; but some of her most delightful records are those of her off-time wanderings and her Italian friends—artists all, whether they painted or ploughed.

H. P. E.

John Buchan

In *John Buchan, by his Wife and Friends* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 12/6), Lady TWEEDSMUIR has put together a very interesting record of her husband's varied and brilliantly successful career, of which shortly before his death he gave his own account in *Memory Hold-the-Door*. Like Lord Macaulay, also a Scot, Lord Tweedsmuir succeeded in three widely different fields. His romances, *The Thirty-nine Steps*, *Mr. Standfast* and the others, were as popular as Macaulay's *Lays*. His historical biographies, *Augustus*,

Oliver Cromwell, *Montrose*, and his literary biography, *Sir Walter Scott*, were as readable, if not quite so exciting, as Macaulay's *Essays and History*; and his work as Governor-General of Canada, admirably described by Mr. Leonard Brockington, may certainly be compared with and is on the whole not much less impressive than Macaulay's political achievement in India and at home. The contributors to this memorial volume include Professor G. M. Trevelyan, Sir Roderick Jones, Mr. A. L. Rowse, Mr. Alastair Buchan, Lady Tweedsmuir and the late Mrs. Catherine Carswell. In a volume of this kind, there is, as a rule, more life and reality in the contributions written by women than in the male contributions. Lady TWEEDSMUIR has the art of evoking past scenes, in her own life as well as her husband's. One notes particularly her picture of Dresden as she knew it in her youth. Mrs. Carswell's tribute, which contains the best description of Buchan's appearance, also illustrates his personal kindness and the pains he would take to make things easier for fellow-countrymen less fortunate than himself.

H. K.

"Love" à la Russe

Only a novelist in search of novel-fodder would take the view that a poet's amatory propensities were the most significant thing about him. *Pushkin, Poet and Lover* (ALDOR PUBLICATIONS, 15/-), is written by a French-Russian romantic and translated (one presumes) by an American. Mlle. LYDIA LAMBERT does not tell you very much about her hero's poetry and still less about his identification with revolutionary Russia: until the imminence of his death in a duel makes it necessary to stress the devotion of the common people to a man who—apart from a few conspiratorial dabbings—seems to have done little or nothing for their welfare. His ancestry and upbringing are picturesquely indicated. His father was a minor noble, his grandfather an Ethiopian slave of Peter the Great. Having exploited the privileges of aristocracy and genius to secure peasant mistresses and society ones on preferential terms, Pushkin was very naturally annoyed when the Czar proposed to essay a similar approach to his own wife. The Czar, moreover, was not alone; and the pursuit of Natasha ushers in the dramatic end of the novel. As a period-piece it is effective, if unbalanced; but almost any of its principal characters would have served its turn as well as its titular hero.

H. P. E.

A Canadian Observer

Colonel DICK MALONE saw a great deal of General Montgomery from the last days of the Sicilian campaign up to the Rhine crossing, and although, as chief of Canadian Public Relations and holder of other important positions, he has included much else in his *Missing from the Record* (COLLINS, 12/6), General Montgomery dominates his book. The author's reception at General Montgomery's headquarters, which he reached in a somewhat dishevelled state, was not encouraging. "You're dirty, go away, go away, and wash your face, then I will talk to you," was the General's opening and closing remark. As is evident throughout his delightful narrative, the author has a resilient, good-humoured temperament, and is much too interested in people and events to nurse a grievance. Accepting the General's idiosyncrasies as inseparable from his genius, the author studied him with admirable detachment, and has given far the best portrait so far executed of a leader whom he regards as "one of the most spectacular commanders of all time." Had General Montgomery not been relieved of his command of all the ground forces after the

battle of Caen, the author holds that the war would have finished in 1944. The tension and on occasions imperfect sympathy between the British and the Americans is dealt with, and as a Canadian Colonel MALONE heard both sides, and was often able to smooth out differences. American officers, he sums up, were inclined to exaggerate their toughness, and British officers to behave on all occasions as if they were in a drawing-room. H. K.

The Way of the World

They Put Out to Sea (UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS, 12/6) is the story of the map, and of those who made and altered it by virtue of their discoveries. The subject is so enthralling and the descriptions so simple and excellent that it is a pity the author, Mr. ROGER DUVOISIN, makes the mistake of underestimating his readers' intelligence by making his great characters speak as though they were schoolmasters talking down to a young audience—"I don't care," says King Manoel of Portugal, when Magellan suggests that he will get help from Spain and "We are very busy now chasing the Moors out of Spain," says Queen Isabella to Columbus, and her "eyes grow big with surprise" when she hears his demands. Apart from this, the story as a story is excellent. The book begins with a description of the ancient traders of Egypt, Greece and Phoenicia, and tells of the adventures of Pytheas, Alexander the Great, Marco Polo, Columbus, Vasco da Gama, and Magellan. A reproduction of Ptolemy's map makes the end-pages, and there are many illustrations in colour and black-and-white drawn by the author from ancient sources. There are some great dramatic moments, as when Magellan's slave Enriquez hears strangers talking in his own language and is told that by sailing west to Europe and west again from it, he has proved that the earth is round. Another good incident tells of the bewilderment of the chronicler Pigafetta on finding that he has gained a day by voyaging. The author deserves congratulations for having linked history and geography together as they should be linked, and for giving such a good bibliography. B. E. B.

Mare Pacificum

The early explorers who thrashed their way round the Horn or by Magellan's Strait into that ocean which the first of them—remembering the stormy seas he had lately almost miraculously navigated—named "Pacific," had yet to learn that there was another side to the picture. For the smiling beauty of the Pacific is as treacherous as is that of its thousand isles, and it was by the latter rather than the former that the heavier toll was taken of its navigators. Its story, through the centuries since it was first known to Europeans, is one of daring adventure and bold achievement, and few people could have been better qualified to tell it than the late Captain FELIX RIESENBERG. Unfortunately, he did not live to complete his historical account of *The Pacific Ocean* (MUSEUM PRESS, 15/-), and the book itself bears obvious traces of the fact; for while its opening chapters, dealing with Drake, Magellan, and that nautical Don Quixote, Quiros, are in fairly full detail, the latter part of the book is little more than an outline. Vancouver, for example, is barely mentioned; and one misses, among others, any reference to that doughty and likeable old scoundrel Captain George Shelvocke, and the elegant and courtly Laperouse. There are one or two errors, also, which call for mention, such as the rather surprising statement that Drake was born in the "sleepy little village" of Tavistock, where "the river Tay (sic) leads down to the seaport of Plymouth." Nor is it correct

to say that Dampier "vanished" entirely on the return of Woodes Rogers' ships to England. Little, indeed, is known of his later days, but it is fairly well established that he was living in the parish of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, three years after Woodes Rogers' return, that he made his will in November, 1714, and that he died in March of the following year. It appears to be quite certain that he never went to sea again. C. F. S.

Death of a Lady

MR. JOHN DICKSON CARR's *The Sleeping Sphinx* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 8/6) is more than a thriller. It has a carefully woven pattern of excitement that keeps the reader anxiously alert for the true facts of Margot Marsh's death in her great barrack of a feudal house; but it is a novel as well, in the true sense that its characters are not paste-board figures artificially arranged to baffle but solid people emotionally interesting. One tires a little of the many competent jigsaws of blood and deceit with which the book-stalls blossom overnight, and Mr. DICKSON CARR is refreshing because he puts the emphasis on what is said rather than on what is done. His dialogue is subtle and compact. The constabulary are discreet shadows in a scene dominated by the sort of sleuth in whom we can all believe, the vast and untidy and lovably Chestertonian Dr. Fell, whose extraordinary methods we see, though the book is in the third person, mainly through the eyes of an ex-vaillant of M.I.5 determined to straighten out the mystery of Mrs. Marsh's end before marrying her sister. Is this sister really mad? Was it suicide or murder? And if murder, can we be right in thinking that—? Looking back from the last pages we are forced to agree that the author has played the game. It is a deep game, but we should have seen signals generously flown, and we didn't. He wins, and he well deserves to do so. E. O. D. K.



"... and that's where I was bitten by International Field Trial Champion Brambleton Black Tyke of Ware."



"I'll bet you sixpence you can't tell me your Daddy's name and address."

UB

A FEW weeks ago there was an item of news about a man in America who was arrested for continually running into shiny new cars with his jalopy (this excellent word, pronounced to rhyme with but not associated with "sloppy," is the American expression for an old car). When asked for an explanation he replied simply "I just don't like 'em."

How I agree with that man! I should like to take him out in UB. UB is the name of my car, which is not only a jalopy but has these fascinating letters in its registration. UB is pronounced to rhyme and is sometimes associated with "pub." It is inconceivable that my car should be called AD, or BO, or MO, let alone anything Polish or Czechoslovakian like KX or ZB. It is as much UB as a mangle is a mangle.

I bought it before the war for £7 from a clerkly sort of man who had bought it brand-new in 1926. He

could hardly have gone out much in it, because he had spent every week-end doing the weekly tasks laid down in the instruction book. It was almost the same as on the day it rolled off the assembly line, when this now grey-haired man was a young conveyancer, or perhaps an assayer.

On second thoughts I am pretty sure it didn't come off an assembly line at all. Cars like UB were made lovingly, one at a time, by elderly shirt-sleeved craftsmen such as one used to see in the drawings of Mr. Heath Robinson—men who only twenty years previously had been building gigs, traps and phaetons. One can tell this from the position of the headlights, which are at the side of the windscreen. People who do not understand about UB ask me sarcastically where I get the acetylene these days, but that is only because they are peeved at not being able to find the battery, which is under the passenger's seat. I always see UB

taking shape in a place which I visualize as a converted barn still filled with a faint smell of musty hay. Dust floats in the sunbeams filtering through a small, high window. The craftsmen are in consultation.

"Gideon," says one of them, "let us have an oil-gauge in this one."

His mate looks perturbed. "You know what we said about not buying anything outside, Eli," he says.

"Nay, Gideon, 'tis a thing we can make ourselves. I thought of it as I was coming through Barton's Copse this morning. Lookee here." And he goes on to explain UB's oil-gauge.

It is for this alone that I would rather have UB than my friend Harblow's car, in which the dashboard is a mass of instruments. For my oil-gauge is not an instrument at all. It is a button. You start the engine and press this button in. If it comes out again you know the oil pressure is all right. Either it is all

right or it isn't. There is none of this worrying about falling below a certain pressure (and I suspect that most people, like Harblow, don't know what this pressure is supposed to be, anyway).

It is the same with the rest of the car. Harblow would never in his most boastful moments say he really understands his carburettor, which has about five pipes going into it and also has an absurd frying-pan thing full of oil on the top, which he says lamely is an *air-cleaner*. UB has been bumbling along now for twenty years with the good old British atmosphere, which is clean enough for us. And whoever heard of cleaning air, or anything else for that matter, with oil? Gideon, Eli and Co. knew better. They knew that a carburettor is essentially a thing with holes in it for mixing petrol and air in a fine spray ready for explosion, and they didn't go messing about with things full of oil, which would obviously find its way eventually to these holes and block them up, in much the same way as marmalade always finds its way between one's fingers. And there is only one pipe going into my carburettor. You know where you are.

Harblow's car has the petrol-tank at the back. It is connected to the engine, which is much higher up and about ten feet away, by a complicated system of pipes and taps and pumps and filters (there seems to be a mania for filtering and cleaning in modern cars). And one of these things can go wrong, and usually does about twelve miles from Swindon on a dark wet night. Whenever I am with him it is a thing called the automatic pump. We can't even begin to repair it until the engine has cooled down because it is right down in the bowels of the mechanism and one burns one's knuckles against the hot cylinder block. This pump seems to have about a hundred washers, which either get dropped and lost or are discovered to have been left out when the whole thing has been tightened up again. After half an hour's sucking, blowing and cursing Harblow produces a little wire gauze thing full of the most amazing geological specimens. "The filter is choked," he says indignantly. "This petrol is a scandal." Well, I buy the same petrol and it doesn't choke my filter because there isn't one. I have a theory that a strange chemical action takes place in these filters and that the petrol crystallizes out. Gideon and Eli didn't have to worry about pumps, automatic or otherwise, because UB's petrol tank is behind the dashboard and the stuff just *falls* down as required according to the well-known laws of Isaac Newton.

Then there are the brakes. Every three months or so Harblow notices a funny smell and he gets out and finds that his rear brake-linings are practically on fire. He has hydraulic brakes (*more* pipes and, I shouldn't be surprised, *more* filters) and to put them right it is necessary to perform a terrible operation called bleeding the master cylinder. UB's brakes, although a considerable advance in their day on the earlier models of Gideon and Eli, which probably had a stout oak block against the wheel rim operated by iron levers, are simplicity itself. They are operated by wire cables which pass over a little wheel coming down on a screw thing from the floor of the car. If the brakes are too tight you screw the wheel down a bit. It takes one minute. Bleeding the master cylinder takes Harblow three week-ends at home and then two months in a garage.

Another thing of which people like Harblow seem to be inordinately proud is the fact that their engines are mounted on rubber. It is true that when he starts up his car during his eternal attentions to the innumerable cleaners, boosters, dust-baths, bird-bins and fly-traps the whole engine does jump about in a most insecure-looking fashion so that you can see about ten of it. But it seems very precious to me. UB's engine is bolted

firmly to the chassis, and when it is ticking over it is the mudguards of which you see ten; there is a nice comfortable thubbing feeling as you get into the seat. Rubber is perishable and this is one of the many reasons why you often see cars like Harblow's on scrap heaps but never cars like UB. It is because the owners have got tired of bleeding the master cylinder and adjusting the oil-filter, the petrol-filter and the air-filter and buying new blocks of rubber. You couldn't have left one of these rubber-mounted cars at the bottom of the garden throughout the whole war, as I did UB, and found it ready to drive again after fitting a new hood, new plugs, new windscreen-wiper (and, come to think of it, a new windscreen), two new tyres, new king-pins, new front spring, new cylinder head, new battery, re-wiring and re-painting, drying out the magneto in the oven, getting the dynamo re-wound and mending the leaks in the radiator.

You would have found the rubber had perished.

"Rowan started slowly and did not open his score until he had been at the wicket for 20 minutes or so, and spent half-an-hour getting his first run."—*E. African paper.*

Very long grass, perhaps.



Sea Magic

A SUDDEN lurch of the cross-Channel steamer threw her into the place my arms had occupied only a moment before, but at the same time removed the arms and wrapped them instead round an obscure piece of wood whose precise name and purpose I have been quite unable to discover. Let us for clearness refer to it as a stanchion.

This curious incident put an idea into my head. Though I had often heard of lightning romances on board ship I had never actually experienced one. Now, surely, my chance had come. My wife, whose presence might have been faintly distracting, was safely planted at the other end of the ship. It was now or never, for we were due at Folkestone within an hour; but one is only middle-aged once, so let it be now!

"Sorry!" I said quickly. It was the first word that came into my head.

"Oh, it wasn't your fault." Her reply, uttered in a musical voice—she spoke, appropriately, in C sharp—gave me just the opening I needed, as I realized on reflection three days later. At the time it was all I could do to keep the conversation alive.

"No, it's the rough sea of course." I staggered towards her. "Anything might happen in this." I invested this remark with deep meaning and addressed the first two words to the girl and the other three to the stanchion, without noticeable response from either.

"I wonder if I can get safely to that door," she said.

"Oh, don't go!" I replied boldly, and instantly disappeared through the doorway myself. This manoeuvre, though humiliating, served to break the ice, and as I steered my red face carefully back I improved the occasion. A figure in uniform was passing.

"Garçon," I called, "*deux absinthes, s'il vous plaît!*"

I cannot think what possessed me to say it. I have never tasted absinthe, and I doubt whether I ever shall; but I suppose it was my subconscious reaction to an association of wicked ideas. The man gave me an incredulous look and hurried away. I have since come to believe that he was a high-ranking ship's officer.

"I suppose you speak French well?" asked the girl.

This was obviously not the occasion for ordinary English inhibitions.

"Like a native," I replied—adding "of Patagonia" under my breath to ease my conscience. "Let's go forward," I went on. I wanted to get away, for I had a horrid though groundless fear that those drinks might turn up, and my wife was somewhere astern.

As we picked our way along the deck I noticed that her laugh was as musical as her voice. It rang in my ears after the next lurch, when I cannoned from an English-swearing Dutchman into another stanchion and

finished by executing a perfect losing hazard through a second opening. I collected my senses, hopelessly scattered under the combined impact of emotion and concussion, and she joined me again; together we held the rail and looked over the stormy sea.

Without doubt my next move should have been to place my hand abstractedly on hers. But she was wearing gloves, and the adverb was too much for me anyway.

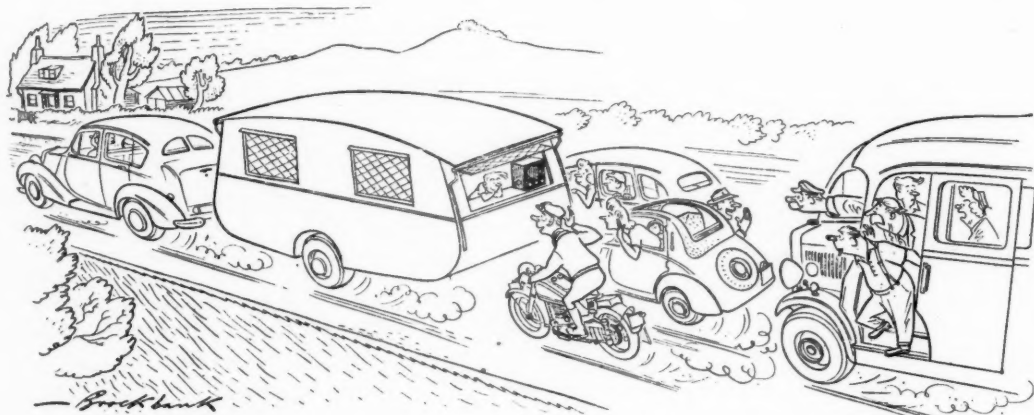
"Will you do something for me?" she said, removing her left glove.

I spluttered with incoherent delight and in a burst of courage applied my right index-finger to the padded tip of her left shoulder. She smiled tenderly and removed a watch from her wrist.

"Take this through for me, will you? I have another on the other hand."

To have objected that both of my own wrists were similarly encumbered would have been the barbarous rejection of a moment of pure magic. Instead I wound her pretty trinket passionately round my wrist, removed one of my own watches to make way for it, and removed a bottle of brandy from my overcoat pocket to make way for *that*. There was, I thought, just time to drink the brandy.

And then another terrific lurch threw us at last into each other's arms—an encounter we both found exceedingly painful—and incidentally jerked both my bottle and my watch into the mocking sea.



"... two hundred and eighty-seven for two wickets!"

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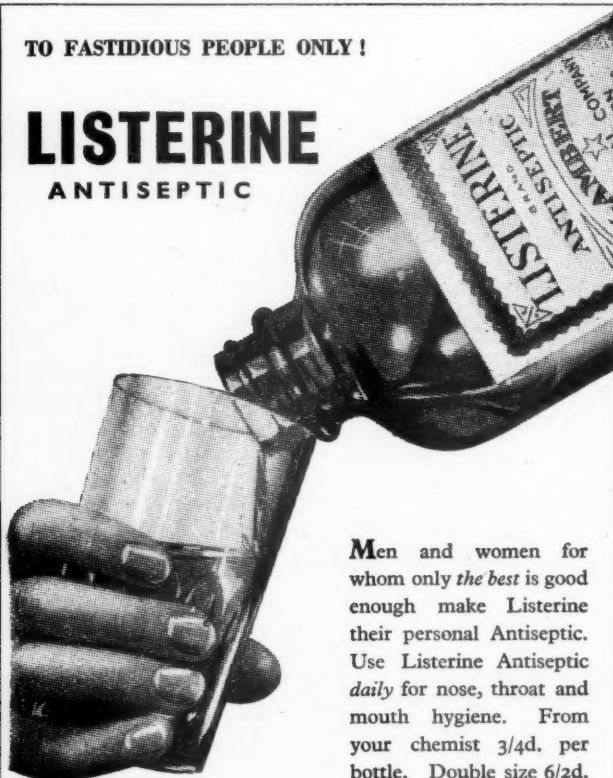
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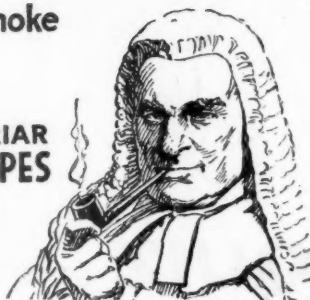
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Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.



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FASHIONED TO FIT—
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NO SKIMPING

All shirts cut to a consistently liberal scale, giving full skirt and ample shoulder room. Unfortunately supplies are still very limited.

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Shirt Manufacturers for over 100 years



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I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

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RARE
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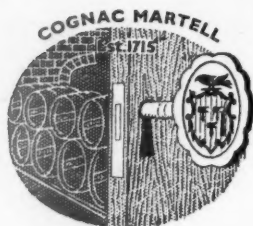
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THREE STAR CORDON BLEU
PER BOTTLE 37/- PER BOTTLE 47/-

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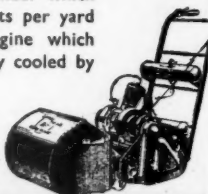
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MOTOR LAWN MOWERS
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Made by Engineers for Lawn Lovers, the special advantages of the Royal Enfield Motor Mower include a foot starter, all-gear drive, a high-speed cutting cylinder which gives 75 cuts per yard and an engine which is efficiently cooled by blower.

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QUIZ teethbrush

Cleans them ALL

R. A. ROONEY & SONS, LTD., LONDON, E.17. MAKERS OF FINE BRUSHES FOR 150 YEARS

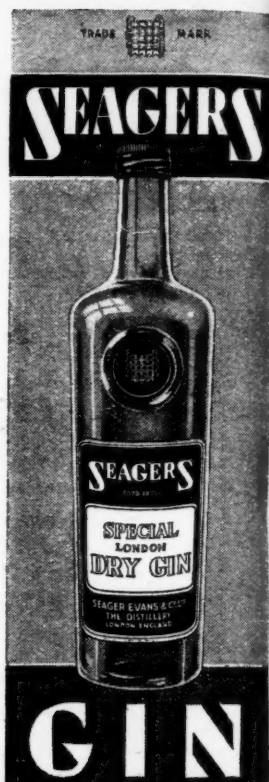
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this new packing of
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The cigarette itself,
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can give.

10's one-and-eightpence 20's three-and-fourpence



MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICE
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MULTIPLE FITTING
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The Wearra range provides the
FORMULA FOR FITTING
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Illustrated is Middle-weight

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76° PROOF



* Recipe for a grand drink
DUEL in the SUN
COCKTAIL
2 parts MYERS
1 part Sweet Vermouth
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Add a dash of Angostura and a
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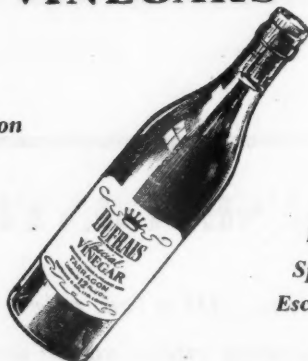
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For well over a century
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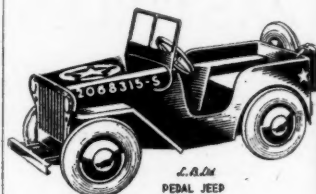
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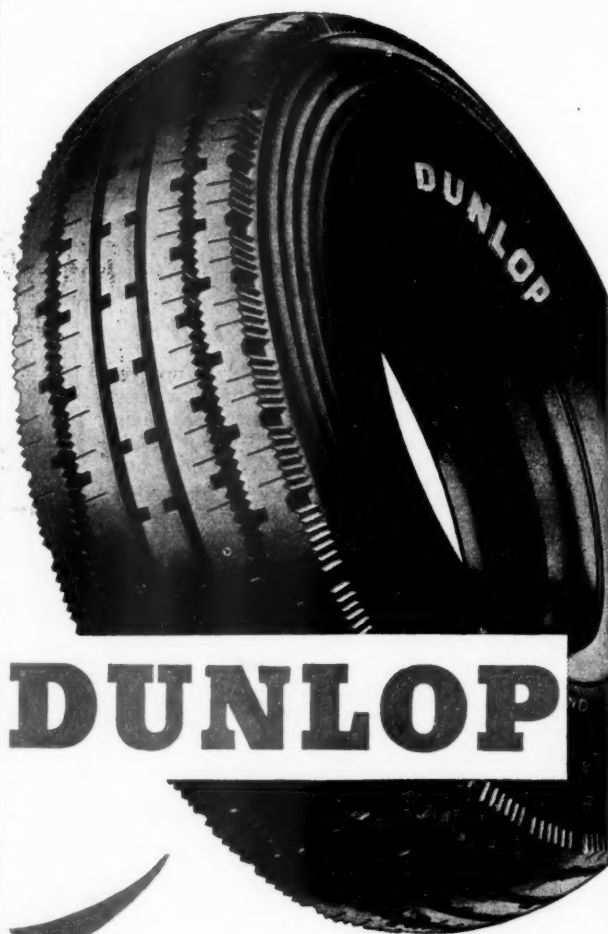


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